The Nation.

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The Week.

ONE effect of the Venezuelan business has been to open the way for a short session of Congress. Before the end of the first month the House had passed both a revenue bill and a bond bill, each of which measures, in the natural course of things, would have taken some weeks. The Senate, of course, may use up a great deal of time over the two bills, but at any rate the upper branch has them in hand months before anybody expected it would when Congress met. The House can now devote itself to the appropriation bills, and should easily be able to dispose of all the routine business before the end of spring. It seems to be taken for granted that no other tariff bill will be brought forward in the House, even if the one recently passed should go through the Senate and be vetoed by the President. This alone would mean a great saving of time, and Speaker Reed can be trusted to do all in his power to get Congress off his hands before the Republican national convention meets. He understands that he could not do a more popular thing than to secure adjournment before the opening of summer. But he cannot "run" the Senate, and the old rules, under which time can be wasted by wholesale, still govern the upper branch.

The House bond bill for the relief of the Treasury was a very inadequate measure. It was not at all adapted to the situation, since it provided only for the issue of bonds at a lower rate of interest than could be sold under present conditions—that is, with a threat of war hanging over the country—and provided that these should be sold only by what is termed a "popular loan"—a method that has no existence in this country. Worse than this, the House bill provided that no future bond sales, under any law or laws, should be made except on the "popular" plan. This bad bill was not nearly bad enough for the Senate. Yet the imagination of man could hardly have conceived the kind of substitute that body is about to offer, namely, the free coinage of silver. To call this a substitute for a bond bill is clownish in the extreme. It would be dangerous but for the fact that it will not be accepted by the House and cannot possibly become a law. The majority there, though not composed of sound financiers, is at least anti-silver. Whatever happens in the Senate, and whether the Speaker interferes or not, the chances are all against a free-coinage bill going to the President by a vote of the House. To that extent the public mind may feel more composed now than six years ago.

It was undoubtedly an apprehension in the President's mind that the Elkins resolution would pass Congress that led to a change in the plan of the new $100,000,000 gold loan. That resolution provides that no bonds of the United States shall be sold by private contract, but that all shall be advertised and sold to the highest bidder. A Senate resolution does not possess the force of law, yet if it should alarm capitalists and break up the bond syndicate, it would have all the effect of a law. Undoubtedly it would drive all foreign participants out of the field and scare away all but the most intrepid of our financiers. Hence the change of plan announced in Mr. Carlisle's circular is forced upon the Administration. They could not take a step which might be interrupted at any time by a joint resolution of Congress. The new gold loan has now been advertised, and we shall see the result. If the public come forward and take the bonds and furnish the gold without first withdrawing it from the Treasury, so much the better. But how will the public get the gold to pay for them? There is no law to prevent subscribers for the new bonds from drawing the gold to pay for them out of the Treasury itself. The syndicate could prevent that operation by agreement among themselves: it was only necessary to send notice to all concerned that no subscriptions would be received which were to be paid with gold drawn from the Treasury. "The public" cannot be controlled.

Senator Sherman, by his speech on Friday, added as much confusion to the national finances as it was possible for one man to do. Most of his old misrepresentations were repeated. These it is not necessary to notice again. He has furnished some new ones, however, that possess a curious kind of interest. For example, he chides the Administration for not withholding all appropriations not made mandatory by Congress. "All appropriations which are not provided to carry into effect existing laws," he says, "are permissive, but not mandatory." Mr. Sherman holds that if the Secretary of the Treasury had refused to pay any appropriations that were not mandatory in form, "there would have been no difficulty about the gold reserve." This will be an invaluable guide for future Secretaries, until Congress impeaches one of them for following it. Mr. Sherman's next discovery is that although there is an actual surplus in the Treasury of $178,000,000, the deficiency of revenue is the cause of the decline of the gold reserve, and that all that is needed to bring it up to its normal figure is to increase the revenues by a tariff on wool and some other things. It is humiliating, he says, to read that the Government is negotiating for money with associated bankers, and that gold has been offered to it by a friendly power (which is officially denied), as though it were tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. To avoid this humiliation it is only necessary to increase the taxes, and meanwhile to borrow what you need from the people of the United States; Mr. Morgan and the associated bankers being, in Mr. Sherman's view, foreigners.

There are indeed many humiliating things nowadays. Among them must be counted a speech from an ex-Secretary of the Treasury abounding in such nonsense as this. But we have not come to the end of it, or anywhere near it; for Mr. Sherman makes a new suggestion for protecting the Treasury gold, and that is to require the national banks to keep their reserves in legal-tender notes exclusively. In other words, they should not be allowed to count their gold as a part of their legal reserve. These banks, he says, are the creation and instruments of the Government, and they should not be allowed to discredit the greenbacks by showing a preference for gold. Nor should the Government itself pay out gold for current expenses, because that tends to weaken the confidence of the people in the greenbacks. Immediate action should be taken by Congress to prevent this, he exclaims. A bill to embody these ideas would provide that no national bank shall be allowed to hold gold or to draw gold from the Treasury, and that the Treasury shall not be allowed to pay gold to anybody but exporters. A more efficient and intelligible measure, we submit, would be an act to fix the gold reserve at $100,000,000, and then prohibit all public officers from paying any out, and all private persons from drawing or attempting to draw any, under pain of instant death. In this way the reserve would be kept intact. Mr. Sherman is reported to have said lately that the root of the political and financial trouble is in those eight far Western States whose entire population and wealth does not equal that of New York, because in the Senate they cast sixteen votes to New York's two. What a vast improvement would follow if these sixteen Senators were all like Mr. Sherman!

Nobody at Washington expects the wool tax to become law, and the general opinion of the trade seems to be that it will fail either in the Senate or in the White House. To get it through the Senate unamended is sure to be a hard job, if for no other reason, on account of the desire of so many Senators to make friends of the mammon of protection in their own States by at least offering amendments and discoursing loudly upon the needs of their constituents. The most serious

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difficulty of all is reported by the Washington correspondent of the *Dry Goods Economist*. He says that Senator Burrows is fully persuaded that the bill as it passed the House is absolutely unworkable, as it leaves rates conflicting in various schedules. So firmly convinced is he "that it would be impossible to administer the Dingley bill" that he says its form must surely be changed, even if its aim and substance are left untouched. As all depends, in tariff bills, upon their being susceptible of "administering," Senator Burrows's objection is certainly fatal. But it does show what a genius and superior capacity for legislation the Republicans possess, as they themselves admit.

Naval authorities—especially naval contractors and naval Congressmen—agree that more ships are likely to be voted by this Congress than have been authorized in some years. The Venezuelan war is good for large appropriations, they think, if for nothing else. The Chilian war scare was thought to have frightened two extra ships out of a reluctant Congress, and the Venezuelan business ought to mean at least half-a-dozen. Very likely it may. But it must be remembered that building a modern navy is one of the slowest jobs known to man. It is considered little short of a marvel that the two latest battleships to be added to the British fleet were turned out in two years' time. This means a vast change since the day when Pitt could demand the creation of a fleet in three months' time, and threaten to impeach the First Lord of the Admiralty if he did not produce it on the day fixed. But the two years necessary to build a new ship is often enough to antiquate two already in commission, and thus leave the fleet where it was before. Often, in fact, as in the case of our own *Texas*, just through with her trial trip, it is found that a ship is no sooner off the ways than her turrets "work badly," it takes her two hours to discharge a gun, her bottom is "shaky," and she must at once go out of commission for "extensive repairs."

The further one goes west from the Atlantic seaboard, the greater is the readiness for war with England over the Venezuelan boundary. An excellent authority in Indiana informs us that public sentiment in that State is substantially unanimous in support of President Cleveland's position. Still further towards the Pacific the feeling appears to be even stronger in favor of a fight. The Portland *Oregonian*, which recently pointed out that any backwardness in supporting extreme measures on the Atlantic Coast should count for nothing because this section was equally unpatriotic in the last war with England, gives prominence to a letter from "American," who argues at length that a war with England would be a good thing and would benefit the United States. As an index to a good deal of public feeling, this letter is worth summarizing. The correspondent urges that such a war "would unite all Americans and do away with all party feeling," and "would unite all South and North America, and make of them one of the greatest nations on the earth"; that the American people want a war, because "they all know that the wealth of the world has got into the hands of a few and that there is no relief for the masses," because "business is at a standstill and will remain so until something happens," and because "war is our only salvation," since "we are at the mercy of England as far as our finances go, and that is our only way out"; and, finally, because

> "War would be a good thing in many ways. It would set every idle man to work, either in the army or helping to supply the army. It would give men a chance to become famous who are unknown to-day. Too much peace brings strikes, idleness, and all kinds of crimes. Give the American people a chance, and they will drive the British flag into the sea, capture Canada and all England's possessions, and make America the greatest nation on earth. Then for another generation business will boom and confidence will be restored."

There could be no surer indication of the scatter-brained condition of the Jingoes as regards the Venezuelan controversy than the vast amount of comfort they extract out of the London *Chronicle's* Washington despatches. That paper's correspondent is engaged in reading the published documents, apparently for the first time, and his discoveries are so novel and startling to himself that he at once cables them as momentous to the civilized world. Then they are cabled back as evidence that England is at last "getting at the facts." Mr. Norman has now pushed his studies up to the time of the removal of the posts set up by Schomburgk, and wags his head gravely at finding no evidence for Salisbury's assertion that, when the posts were removed, "the concession was made on the distinct understanding that Great Britain did not thereby in any way abandon her claim." This may comfort the Jingoes and fool the *Chronicle*, but it will not deceive the Venezuelans. They know that what Salisbury said is strictly true, for in their own statement of their case they summarize the letter of Lord Aberdeen, dated March 30, 1844, as follows:

> "He says, in the first place, that the Government of her Majesty, in consenting to the removal of the marks, did not cede any of the rights which it might consider itself authorized to claim in the future, and that it had been moved solely by friendly deference to the requests of the Government of Venezuela."

Moreover, in Senate Document No. 226, dated July 26, 1888, containing "the correspondence relating to the pending dispute between the Government of Venezuela and the Government of Great Britain concerning the boundaries between British Guiana and Venezuela" (this correspondence begins in 1876 and runs on to 1888), there are no fewer than twenty-two references to the matter.

The *Evening Post* of Thursday printed two despatches which appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of April last, and which throw a flood of light on the use which Venezuela expects to make of the territory over which she is disputing with Great Britain. It explains, too, in part, the prodigious Jingo racket about Venezuela which began early last year, and to which we unceasingly called the attention of the American public, as well as the "hollering" for a more "vigorous foreign policy" which the *Tribune's* old pensioner in Washington emitted three or four times a week. The speculators, as we see, expected a more vigorous foreign policy about this time. We have reason to believe that some of them, including United States Senators who are to sit on these questions of peace or war, waited on Secretary Gresham, not long before his death, to urge this policy on him; but, being a clear-headed man of peace, he not only declined their proposals, but took the liberty of pointing out to them the impropriety of their having anything to do with an affair which was likely to become a matter of international controversy. We are far from insinuating that they ever made any similar application to Mr. Olney, but he certainly did just what they wanted. The Jingo poison prepares a man's system for the speculative bacillus. It weakens his sense of propriety. It clouds his understanding and destroys his foresight, as we see in the havoc which Mr. Cleveland played with his own financial plans. In short, it often makes Americans fifty years old as thoughtless and rash and unreflecting as lads of twelve. Mr. Cleveland's discovery that patriotism could not be made to take the place of a sound currency shows the awful effects, even on strong characters, of this painful malady.

Even stranger "developments" of the Monroe Doctrine than those with which Mr. Olney has astonished us may yet be brought out. As far back as 1826 and the Panama Congress, the Southern Senators were invoking the Doctrine as a bulwark for slavery. Senator Berrien of Georgia said that it was all very well to brave the wrath of European Powers, but that "we must hold a language equally decisive to the South American states. We cannot allow their principle of universal emancipation to be called into activity in a situation where its contagion, 'from our neighborhood, would be dangerous to our quiet and safety'. . . . Will he [the President] quail before the new republics of the south when a dearer interest is at stake?" This shows how easy it is to get queer things out of the Monroe Doctrine when you let your logical faculty run riot without regard to the facts. We may yet see the Doctrine called into play to prevent the incursions of the gold standard in South America, or to demand the abandonment of the Catholic religion, the adoption of an eight-hours'

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day and the English language, the buying of our newspapers in enormous editions, and the acceptance of many other of our peculiar institutions. When you begin to argue about what other people are bound to do in the interests of your peace and safety, you never know where you may fetch up.

An analysis of the occupations of members of the new Congress shows that more than one-half of the Senators and Representatives are lawyers. This does not vary materially from the usual proportion. A great preponderance of lawyers is also the rule in the State legislatures, except in the purely agricultural commonwealths. In other words, our legislation is largely, as it always has been, in the hands of lawyers. The character of the legal profession is therefore a matter of vital importance as regards the character of our law-making bodies. Is the standard among lawyers rising or falling? Is the tone of the profession higher or lower now than it used to be? Chief-Justice Field of the Massachusetts Supreme Court made some remarks before the alumni of the Boston Institute of Technology, the other day, which answered these questions, and answered them in a discouraging way. Among other things he said:

"When I look upon this audience and think of the great progress which has been made in the sciences and arts in this generation, I cannot but feel some shame to confess that no similar triumph or progress has been made in the profession to which I belong. The cause of legal education has been advanced; the mode of the profession in Massachusetts has been improved; but the leaders in the profession of the present generation, I should hesitate to say, were much in advance of the leaders of the last generation or of the generation before that. I doubt whether there has been much advance in civil government in Massachusetts in the last generation or two. I shall not inquire into the causes. I doubt very much if the men in public life to-day are wiser than our fathers or grandfathers."

The "doubt" and "hesitation" here expressed seem plainly to be only a courteous method of expressing a conviction that neither the legal profession nor the standard of public life in New England now is as high as it was a generation or two ago. Considering the inbred repugnance of every lawyer to making an admission which reflects upon his brethren, the opinions expressed by the Massachusetts Chief Justice seem very significant.

Utah is now a State in the Union. The State officers were installed on Monday, and the Legislature met, its most important duty being the choice of two United States Senators. The Republicans control the body by a vote of more than two to one, but, so far as the financial issue is concerned, the partisan complexion of the Legislature is a matter of no consequence. The two Republican Senators will be "red hot" for free coinage; and if the men chosen were Democrats, they would be of the same mind on this question. The sound-money cause will thus be put at a further disadvantage in the Senate, where its representatives are already in a minority. The next thing to be expected is a strong movement for the admission of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, and the consequent strengthening of the free-coinage element in the upper branch by six more votes.

The newly elected Legislature of Massachusetts has begun the new year brilliantly. A caucus of Republican members was held, in which all the other officers of the last General Court were renominated by acclamation except the Clerk, Mr. Edward McLaughlin, who has served fifteen years—longer than any of his predecessors, and to the entire satisfaction of everybody. He was defeated for renomination by some ten votes, in favor of an unknown and inexperienced person. The operation was understood to be conducted by A. P. A. influence, Mr. McLaughlin being a Democrat and a Catholic. Some of the most distinguished Republicans protested in the caucus, but others declared that the whole country had its eyes fixed on the Massachusetts Legislature, to see if the Republicans would stand true. One member declared he needed time to rub his eyes, as it seemed that he was not in a Republican caucus, but one controlled by Democrats or Mugwumps; and another characterized those who proposed to keep Mr. McLaughlin in office by the elegant name of "snivel-service reformers." The attempt barely succeeded in the House itself, the raw recruit having only 122 votes out of 232. Mr. McLaughlin himself pointed out that, if the dominant party were bound to make a change, they might have promoted the Assistant Clerk, who was of the right party. But no; the same influence that trampled on all law and decency in the veterans'-preference bill of last year, prevailed to violate precedent, reason, sense, and good feeling to turn out a fit man from a place with which politics, race, and religion have nothing on earth to do, and put in an untried man of the right sort. When Massachusetts is determined to disgrace herself, she certainly knows how.

Mr. Olney informed Lord Salisbury that it would be "preposterous" for any American state to involve itself in a contest over "the fate of Turkey." Nothing can be more certain, however, than that his threatening letter and the President's talk of war have involved us most closely with the Turkish question. We may not have meant to have anything to do with the fate of Turkey, but we have, the best European authorities agree, sealed the fate of the Armenians. Their rescue and salvation depended upon a perfect concert among the Powers and an unyielding and threatening front all along the line, especially on the part of England. These things we have done our best to destroy, and have, in a measure, already destroyed. The Sultan's desperate play against time, his waiting for some European nation to blunder, would all have been in vain had not the blunder come from the great Christian nation of the West. Just after protesting and appealing in the name of humanity, just after holding great public meetings and organizing associations in behalf of the smitten Armenians, we struck at their stoutest protector and strongest hope, and left them, so far as in us lay, helpless. Mr. Cleveland's war message could nowhere have been greeted with such rapture as when, done into choice Turkish, it was read in the Yildiz Palace. We are glad to see that a sense of the enormous mischief thus wrought is beginning to get into the American mind. The Baptist preachers of this city have resolved that, if we must have a war, we should cut a much better figure fighting to save the Armenians than to kill Englishmen. Of all the hollow petitions ever laid before Congress, those praying for prompt interposition in behalf of the Armenians are the hollowest. The American Congress has already acted on the Armenian question, and its unanimous vote has been that the Turkish butcheries may go on.

The Cuban insurgents are evidently doing some pretty effective raiding, and the Spanish troops are active, but neither side is waging war with anything like the fury of the newspaper correspondents. How much their rivalry (which is often little more than a rivalry in lying) tends to befog all foreign news, especially any news connected with war or rumors of war, the general public is but dimly aware. Some three weeks ago one of the associations had Havana all but captured, and on Saturday its fall was only a question of days. But on Monday that news agency withdrew for a time from the war, admitting that there was no likelihood of the insurgents making a serious attack upon Havana. This left its competitor a clear field, and accordingly it, in its turn, was undertaking on Tuesday to capture Havana out of hand. Now it may be that the Spanish generals have gone utterly daft, or that their men won't fight, or that the insurgents have invented a new art of war. But if not, the chances that Havana will be taken, in the present stage of the conflict, are too small to be worthy of consideration. Admitting the highest claims of the insurgents, the Spanish troops outnumber them three or five to one. The one great aim of the Spanish generals has been to protect commerce, to hold the cities, especially the seaports, meanwhile praying heaven that the elusive insurgents might be caught where they would have to deliver battle. To guess, therefore, from what is probably only a daring raid of flying guerillas near Havana, that a regular and successful assault is to be made upon that city, only betrays the nervous strain to which the news-gatherers are subjected in their determination to let no "scoop" escape.

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THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION.

JUDGE BREWER of the Supreme Court is a man of solid reputation for learning and impartiality. It is believed by those who know him that Judge Alvey possesses similar qualifications. President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University and ex-President White of Cornell are too well known to need description. Mr. Coudert was one of the American counsel in the Bering Sea arbitration, and is understood to be a supporter of the President's contentions in the Venezuela dispute. Looking at the character of the commission as a whole, it seems to portend peace.

These commissioners are to "investigate and report upon the true divisional line between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana." They are not to be envied. The task set for them is not to consider the actual condition of affairs, past and present, and suggest a fair and reasonable boundary, with a view to reconciling the conflicting interests of the British colonists and the Venezuelans. They are to find the "true divisional line." They might as well search for the true boundaries of Liliput; for there never has been such a line. If they could go as mediators, for the purpose of bringing both sides to agree on a compromise, their going would at least have a humane and rational motive. Unfortunately, our Government, by its mismanagement of the whole matter, has condemned them to go with an attitude of threatening and hostility towards one of the parties, and has limited their function to a very narrow scope.

As regards the basin of the Essequibo and its tributaries, an impartial commission would probably have no hesitation in pronouncing the English claim well founded. The old and generally accepted rule that, in the occupation of new regions, possession of a river at its lower course carries with it the sovereignty of its upper waters and tributaries, gives a clear principle for the decision of the Cuyuni question. So conscious are the Venezuelans of the weakness of their case at this point, that they have felt themselves compelled to maintain the obviously untenable contention that the Dutch did not really hold the Essequibo—that they only held "up to it." Now nothing can be clearer than that the Dutch held both sides of the river. No reasonable man can read even the Venezuelan case without seeing that very clearly. As to the title to the wilderness of the Essequibo basin, then, there can hardly be much difficulty. A boundary based on this principle would undoubtedly be awkward for Venezuela; but that our commissioners are not to consider.

Unfortunately, the possession of the upper basin of the Essequibo is not the burning part of the controversy. The real difficulty arises as to the line of division on the coast. The Venezuelans adduce a variety of treaties and records, with a labored and declamatory effort to show that they prove something in their favor; but the result falls lamentably short of a demonstration that the Venezuela claim is good. Their argument rests on an assumption for which they can hardly expect much favor in the United States—the assumption that the whole continent of South America belonged to the Spaniards, and that no other people could acquire a legitimate title to any part of it except by cession from Spain. By a constant use of this assumption, they ask us to hold that Venezuela, as the heir of Spain, has a just title to everything in the region of the Essequibo and the Orinoco which Spain cannot be shown to have ceded to the Dutch. Strike out this fundamental assumption, and their whole case is gone. If the contestants stand on equal terms, if we adopt the just principle that proof of occupation is as necessary for Venezuela as it is for British Guiana, in order to make good a claim, then we are forced to the conclusion that Venezuela's contention is as empty as it well could be.

Evidence of occupation by Spain of any post or place between the Orinoco and the Essequibo is wholly lacking in their voluminous case. Such evidence of occupation as this supplies goes in favor of the Dutch. Their papers make it clear that the Dutch had a fort on the Pomeroon, a small river of the disputed coast, and that they used the interior passages between that point and the Orinoco. Further, it is pretty clear, even from the Venezuelan evidence, that the Dutch had a hold of some sort on the mouth of the Orinoco. The Venezuelans endeavor to meet these facts by asserting that whatever the Dutch held between the Essequibo and the Orinoco was "usurped"; that their occupation therefore gave no title in the absence of cession by the original owners, the Spanish. Fancy the smile of an old Dutch skipper at the suggestion that the Dutch must humbly ask leave of Spain before occupying wild lands in America. If the English and the Dutch had proceeded on that principle, America would have been a very different country to-day.

The two treaties on which the Venezuelans rest so much have simply nothing to help our commissioners in fixing the "true divisional line," because neither of them says anything about a line. The treaty of Munster of 1648 was primarily a very tardy acknowledgment by Spain that her rebellious Dutch subjects had made themselves an independent nation. It further provided that both parties should keep whatever territories they possessed in America at the date of the treaty. But it makes no mention of the limits between their possessions, has not a word about boundaries. It pledges Holland not to take any more land from Spain, but it leaves Holland free to acquire any lands not occupied by Spain. To say that it binds Holland not to extend over the wild lands between the Essequibo and the Orinoco is to beg the whole question, for it is to assume that Spain was occupying that territory, and for such occupation not a tittle of evidence has been produced.

The other treaty on which Venezuelans place chief reliance, the one which they say has "insuperable probatory force" in their favor, is that of Aranjuez, made between Spain and Holland in 1791. This was simply an extradition treaty in which mutual return of fugitives is agreed on, between the Spanish settlements on the Orinoco and the Dutch settlement on the Essequibo. But it tells us nothing as to boundary between these settlements. The Venezuelans profess to see in it insuperable proof that the Essequibo was the boundary; and in this their patron, Senator Lodge, seems disposed to follow them. But the treaty is quite as favorable to the conclusion that the Orinoco was the boundary. A case that needs such inferences for its support must be in desperate need of materials.

One important piece of evidence as to actual boundary seems to have escaped both the Venezuelans, who offer it, and Senator Lodge, who avows his impartial study of the whole matter. It is found at page 26 of the Venezuelan case, as published in volume ii., Senate documents for 1888. We will add that it is the only clear bit of evidence as to the old boundary that is to be found in the whole mass of papers submitted. The document in which it occurs is a Spanish royal order of the year 1780, "in which were established rules to people the province of Guiana and to occupy lands." Here is the opening sentence of the Venezuelan account of this royal order:

> "It is there declared, in the first place, that it was of the most importance to secure the limits of the said province, which commenced at the windward of the fall of the river Orinoco into the sea, on the border of the Dutch colony of Essequibo."

This, we repeat, is the only clear bit of evidence as to the old boundary between Dutch and Spanish that can be found in the whole collection of papers. It is therefore somewhat precious, both as to its date and the source from which it comes. It leaves no doubt that in 1780 the Spanish Government admitted the extension of the Dutch possessions to the mouth of the Orinoco. We commend the extract to Mr. Lodge's attention.

There is one trick of the Venezuelan spokesmen in which Mr. Olney and Mr. Lodge diligently copy them. This is the device of representing every offer of compromise made by England at any time as her "extreme claim." We are not at all concerned to justify England, but we think she is entitled to have her case truthfully represented. We owe it to ourselves, if not to her, to state the case as it actually stands and has stood. England's claim, as a claim, has always been just what it is now. Her claim as of right has always been that she was entitled to the basin of the Essequibo and to the coast as far as the Orinoco. Lord Aberdeen appears to have stated it so to For-

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tique in 1844. It is true that, in his effort to make a peaceful settlement with Venezuela, he offered concessions in order to fix a boundary of mutual convenience. His offer was open to Venezuela for six years, and, not having been accepted, was withdrawn in 1850. At the time of making it, notice was given that it implied no abandonment of the larger claim of right. The same was true of every later offer of a compromise line. To represent these offers as identical with the whole claim, and to say that "the claim" has been enlarged, or "developed" from stage to stage, is only the trick of the pettifogger. Mr. Olney ought to have left it to the Venezuelans.

DE DOCTRINÂ AND DE FACTO.

We have no doubt many a simple-minded Jingo will be surprised to hear that in the negotiations for the only application of the Monroe Doctrine to Spanish-American affairs which we have ever made—the expulsion of the French from Mexico—there was no mention of the Monroe Doctrine at all. Neither Mr. Seward, who was in the State Department, nor Mr. John Bigelow, who conducted the correspondence in Paris, said a word about the Doctrine. They approached the situation from the *de-facto* side solely. A foreign army was imposing on the Mexican people a foreign ruler and a new form of government by force. Mr. Seward said he did not undertake to dictate to the Mexican people what kind of government they should have. They might have Maximilian if they pleased, but they must be free to choose, and therefore the French troops should be withdrawn. In this Mr. Seward was adhering strictly to the ground taken by Calhoun in 1848 in the Senate, when, contesting the very use now made of the Monroe Doctrine, he said:

> "It goes infinitely and dangerously beyond Mr. Monroe's declaration. It puts it in the power of other countries on this continent to make us a party to all their wars; and hence I say, if this broad interpretation be given to these declarations, we shall for ever be involved in war. But no general rule can be laid down to guide us in such a question. Every case must speak for itself. Every case must be decided on its own merits. Whether you will resist or not, and the measure of your resistance—whether it shall be by negotiation, remonstrance, or some intermediate measure, or by a resort to arms—all this must be determined and decided on the merits of the question itself. This is the only wise course. We are not to have quoted on us on every occasion general declarations to which any and every meaning may be attached."

This is exactly what is now happening. Everybody who has the handling of the Doctrine is "developing" it to suit himself.

Now there is nothing more dangerous, not to say disastrous, for any nation than attempting to live *de doctrinâ* instead of *de facto*. Doctrinal government has all the inconveniences of theocratic government, because doctrines do not change with circumstances or make allowance for human necessities. The Government of Turkey is a doctrinal government, that is, is ruled by a "sacred law," which makes all reforms in the state impossible and has led to the ruin of the Ottoman Empire. Doctrinal government, too, was tried by the Puritans in England and here, and perforce abandoned as unsuitable to modern societies. Its leading characteristic is an *à-priori* rule of conduct which leaves no room for the play of convenience or policy, or considerations of time or place, and takes no note of facts. The Monroe Doctrine, for instance, assumes that now, as in 1823, the Spanish-American states are in imminent danger of conquest at the hands of European Powers. The changes of seventy years both here and abroad make no more impression upon it than on the Koran. When the President hears of a dispute between a European Power and a Spanish-American state, it compels him to assume sinister designs on the part of the former, and make his preparations for war accordingly in advance of any inquiry as to facts. Under *de-facto* government, the first thing he would do would be to ascertain the facts and be guided by the result in his subsequent action. Under the Doctrine, Great Britain is a giaour, whose designs are always, under the sacred law, open to suspicion, and he pronounces her guilty before investigation. The Doctrine in like manner produced Secretary Olney's despatch, which was really a sermon, not treating of actual facts—in truth, full of statements which were not facts at all, but developments of a sort of divine law, such as one hears in the pulpit, and which, while full of edification, is totally unsuited to the needs and risks of actual life.

If any one thinks we are overstating, in this description of the position which the Monroe Doctrine has come to occupy in the mental furniture of the average Jingo, we advise him to read the articles in the country papers, and the occasional speeches of politicians, and the resolutions of Jingo clubs called out by the present crisis. He will find the Monroe Doctrine treated very much like the Ten Commandments, as part of the foundation of national life, behind which no one can go in tracing out our foreign policy. Not one in one hundred knows what it is, or what it means, or how or where it should be applied. But all agree that it imposes on all rulers an attitude of hostility to foreign Powers and calls for what is termed "a vigorous foreign policy." Asking a Jingo whether the Monroe Doctrine was a good thing to live under, and whether it would not be better to live under the facts of each year, would be very like asking the Sheik-ul-Islam whether the English common law would not be a good substitute for the Koran. It marks you as a "bad American," a paid emissary of some foreign Power. And yet, seeing the use that has been made of it by one of the most conservative of our Presidents and by a corporation lawyer from Boston, one of the most cautious of types, is it rash to say that it contains in it the seeds of endless misery and turmoil for the American people? As now used and interpreted, it might do for a conquering horde like the Ottomans, or a strictly pastoral people like the Paraguayans, but for a people with vast commerce and a huge edifice of credit, it contains the sure seeds of decline and destruction.

Daniel Webster's test of the necessity of interference in Spanish-American affairs was "manifest and imminent danger to our essential rights and our essential interests." The notion that we cannot perceive this when it arises, and act accordingly, without a "doctrine" behind us, would be diverting if its consequences were not likely to be so grave. What these consequences are likely to be, was well pointed out by Calhoun, in speaking of the interpretation then (1848) put on the Doctrine by some, and now adopted by many of us, when he said:

> "And if it should ever become so to the wide extent to which these declarations have been interpreted to go, our peace would ever be destroyed; the gates of our Janus would ever stand open. Wars would never cease."

THE AFRICAN TROUBLE.

Although the news of Dr. Jameson's filibustering expedition against the Boers of the South African Republic has taken the world by surprise, it is very much what one might have expected from the history of that region during the past six or seven years. The Boers have a restricted suffrage—that is, it is confined to males resident in the Republic before 1876, or who took an active part in the war of 1881 with the British, and their children from the age of sixteen. These form a class apart, of "first-class burghers," and elect the President and the commandant of the militia. The "second-class burghers" are a class composed of naturalized aliens, who can become first-class burghers only by a special resolution of the Chamber after twelve years' residence. Two years' residence and the payment of $10 are necessary to naturalization. The total population, native and naturalized, in 1894 was 370,148, about equally divided between the sexes; but no very reliable census has been taken. Now, these first-class burghers being mainly Dutch Calvinists, and excellent fighting men of the type of Joshua and Gideon, it can be readily imagined that they do not smile upon the 30,000 or 40,000 adventurers, mostly English, who have swarmed into the gold and diamond fields which, unfortunately for the Boers, have been discovered in the territory of the Republic. These men, who have done great work in developing the resources of the country, and have filled its treasury to overflowing with their taxes, are, however, shut out from all share in the government, and are not provided by it with police, schools, roads, or any of the ordinary instrumentalities of civilization. Moreover, they are

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regarded by the Boers with great contempt, which is but ill concealed.

The case is, in fact, somewhat like our settlement of Texas—a sudden influx of foreigners into a state held by a weak government, and which the foreigners after a while determine to seize, and fight for it, as their numbers increase and their discontent grows. Moreover, the antecedents of the foreigners are distinctly bellicose. Dr. Jameson, the leader, organized and successfully led the first armed expedition against the colored natives of the South African Company, whose organization and operation up to this point recall the early history of the East India Company, the only other fighting corporation Great Britain has ever sent out. The members of this expedition were very proud of their exploits, and they have naturally fired the imagination of the more recent arrivals, who are generally adventurous spirits; so that it might almost be said to be "on the cards" that the "Jameson crowd," as we should say, would eventually swallow up the Republic. Indeed, in the ordinary course of events nothing was more certain than the ousting of the Dutch from power by the mere growth of the aliens, so that there has been no excuse for fighting. But the truth is, that Jameson has been reinforced during the past two years by a very large number of younger sons and scions of aristocratic families, who find nothing to do at home, and much prefer fighting to mining and agriculture. They were as eager for an encounter with somebody as our Jingoes here, with this difference, that they were ready to serve in the field, while our Jingoes mostly intended to confine themselves, in case of war, to reading the "extras." The imagination of this class in England is kept in a blaze from childhood up by the stories of Clive and Rajah Brooke, and the exploits of Wellington and other Indian heroes against inferior races. If they could have ousted the Boers, they would all have become rulers of the Republic, and their fame, like that of Rhodes and Jameson, would have filled all the land at home, and especially the football teams in the public schools. The Boers were an unfortunate selection, however, as materials for fame and dominion. They are probably as tough fighting-men as ever took the field, and will probably be hereafter avoided by amateur empire-builders.

The latest advices show that the expedition has been defeated and the survivors locked up. They will probably be treated leniently or kindly, for it would be very foolish for so small a community as the Boers to embitter the rising foreign host which stands behind these men. Their only salvation would lie in the prohibition of immigration, but this is no longer possible. The flood of English adventurers is rising higher every day in the Transvaal. If the Boers continue to deny them representation and a fair share in the government, attempts like Jameson's will be repeated on a greater scale than ever, and the Boer domination be certainly overthrown. If, on the other hand, the Boers admit the foreigners to the franchise on equal terms, they will soon be outvoted and ousted from the administration of their own country, and annexation to the Cape Colony would speedily follow. In fact, there is only too much reason for believing that Jameson's attempt was secretly instigated by Rhodes. It is difficult to account for his making it in any other way. This attempt was probably made only by the more adventurous spirits. In the next a large number of the more sober-minded "uitlanders" would probably participate. The disappearance of the Boers as a community would be very regrettable, for they are a race with great qualities and a splendid history, though archaic and non-progressive in their ways; but their doom was sealed when gold was discovered in their territory. Neither thrones, principalities, nor powers can stand up againt a rush of Anglo-Saxon gold-hunters.

The German Emperor has sent a despatch to the Boers over the heads of the British authorities, who, by the convention of 1884, are the sole representatives of the Transvaal in foreign affairs, congratulating them on the repulse of a band of British malefactors. This in England is, excusably enough, considered insulting, and might cause a war between him and his grandmother, in which he would unquestionably get the worst of it. In the first place, his little navy would either have to venture out to sea and fight—in which case, it would be promptly destroyed—or it would have to shut itself up in port. In either case the German ports would be all blockaded, and their foreign commerce destroyed, except what could reach the sea through other countries. In the next place, he could not bring a regiment of his fine army into play against the British anywhere, and could not get within two thousand miles of the Boers. In the third, he would promptly lose all the German colonies abroad, including the principal one, New Guinea, which the Australians are only too ready to seize. He would be unable to defend his colonies in Africa, which Rhodes and his men would be too happy to appropriate. The only contingency in which he could make even a decent struggle would be through an alliance with France, but to get this he would have to surrender Alsace and Lorraine. France is the only Power in Europe which has a navy that could successfully stand up against that of Great Britain, but in the next naval war most of the ships engaged will probably be sunk on the spot, leaving the Power with most ships mistress of the seas, and that Power will probably be Great Britain, who would, after a general war, in all likelihood occupy the position in Europe she occupied after Trafalgar. All persons proposing to attack her ought to consider all these things seriously. She is never such a dangerous enemy as in the face of a combination against her.

LAUREATES AND POETS.

The general sense of disappointment at the choice of Mr. Alfred Austin as Poet Laureate is not wholly personal to himself. If better men were passed over, it must be remembered that some of them at least were not eligible to the office. Swinburne and Morris are not the sort of men to be moved to lyrics by a Queen's great-grandchild; certainly neither of them could be expected to burst into unpremeditated song, as Mr. Eric Mackay did, over the Duke of York's marriage, apropos of which heroic feat he wrote:

"He has fulfilled new duties, not set down,
But done for pride of Country and of Crown!"

Among the eligibles, Mr. Austin was perhaps as well qualified as any. He had serious disqualifications in his political and journalistic relations to Lord Salisbury (he is the principal leader-writer of the *Standard*), but the impropriety of overlooking these is the Premier's, not Mr. Austin's. The slight shock of surprise which his appointment caused was partly due to the rude ending of the hope which had come to be generally cherished that no appointment at all would be made. It was partly due, no doubt, to the revived sense of Tennyson's loss, which the choice of a new Laureate will make vivid in many minds. But this is not the whole of it—not that Mr. Austin takes the laurel greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing banal. A good part of the dissatisfaction arises from an enlarged conception of poetry in the modern world, from the more exacting demands made upon it, and from a feeling that a man who might have done well enough as Laureate fifty or a hundred years ago is no longer of the stature required. If Scott lived to say that it was lucky for him that he had written his poetry in a time when poetical taste was unformed, if Southey and N. P. Willis could be ranked among the immortals on the strength of poems which are now almost absolutely unreadable, it can scarcely be denied that the standards have become higher, the demands severer.

That we should demand the best in poetry, and be content with nothing less, was Matthew Arnold's frequent word of exhortation. But what it meant, as a poet, to produce his best, he tells us in a striking passage in his 'Letters.'

"People do not understand," he writes to his sister, "what a temptation there is, if you cannot bear anything not *very good*, to transfer your operations to a region where form is everything. Perfection of a certain kind may there be attained, or at least approached, without knocking yourself to pieces; but to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling, and to unite this with perfection of form, demands not merely an effort and a labor, but an actual tearing of one's self to pieces, which one does not readily consent to (although one is sometimes forced to it) unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry. Wordsworth could give his whole life to it, Shelley

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and Byron both could, and were besides driven by their demon to do so. Tennyson, a far inferior natural power to either of the three, can; but, of the moderns, Goethe is the only one, I think, of those who have had an *existence assujettie*, who has thrown himself with a great result into poetry."

Now, it is altogether certain that such a standard, accepted as it is doubtless coming more and more to be, is giving a new meaning to the phrase, "poésie oblige," and is proving fatal to at least two types of poetry and poets. One of them is what we may call the business poet, who produces his poems in the spirit of the Englishman who said to Canova's son that he supposed he would carry on his father's "business." Southey is perhaps the best example of the plodding, industrious poet, doing his daily stint with the conscientiousness and set face of a bicycler completing his "century." He always gave good measure—not a line scamped, his butter-woman's jog trot never easing down into a walk for twelve thousand verses. He would lay out his Roderick the Goth or his Madoc the Celt with the precision of a military engineer, and would plough his way through to the bitter end without remorse. Seizing his pen before breakfast (as if, as Bagehot says, any man could write poetry before breakfast!), he would go on for hours turning out a good, sound, honest, perfectly business-like, and deadly dull article of poetry. If we have not changed all that, we have at least made it impossible that such a man should longer be called a great poet. Not of such a poet or such poetry was Matthew Arnold thinking when he asserted that the future of poetry is immense.

Nor was he thinking of another and larger class of poets, more numerously and assertively with us. We mean those of a certain natural poetic sensitiveness, who often charm us in their youth with their fine perception, their responsiveness to nature and art, and who lure us on to expect great things of their maturer powers. But this early promise they never fulfil. They remain at forty or fifty essentially immature, always in search of external sensations, of novel and taking themes, singing not because they must, but because they want to. Nowhere in their verse do we find the "breath and finer spirit of knowledge." All too seriously as they take themselves, they fail because they do not take the poetic calling seriously enough. They imagine that good intentions may do in place of strenuous thought and self-discipline, that poems to uplift and sustain may be struck off extempore, or in the intervals of restless activities, professional, social, or philanthropic.

Mr. Austin appears to be a union of both types. He has written a lot of long poems of good marketable texture, but you have to rummage the dictionary, not your memory, to find even their titles. In the course of a long *existence assujettie* he has produced much descriptive and mildly exclamatory verse. Of the tearing himself to pieces in order to unite perfection of thought and feeling with perfection of form, of being "happy in the toil that ends with song," of poetry as a criticism of life, he appears to be innocent. It is something, then, to find from his appointment as Laureate that the public taste has advanced so far as to see that the appointment should not have been made.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

ROME, December 22, 1895.

THE sudden halt in the English action in the Armenian redemption has surprised every one, and irritated some of the political agencies which had hoped, for various and different reasons, to see England plunge into the solution of the interminable and insoluble Eastern question, and are correspondingly either dismayed or disappointed by the sudden and hitherto unaccountable recoil from the advanced position Lord Salisbury had taken. It is well known that Russia had at all times opposed the English plans, because they promised a solution of the problem of what to do with the Sick Man, by eliminating the cause of the malady, viz., the gangrene of Mussulman misrule—deposing the Sultan and imposing a ruler who would have to admit the right of Europe to dictate the conditions of government where it had the duty and the charge of protection; or of finally dividing the country according to the general interests of the protecting Powers and of the populations. I suppose that it may be taken as indisputable that there were those among the powerful, if not among the Powers, who desired that England should precipitate the eternally impending conflict in Europe, to give them a chance to settle some outstanding accounts of their own; and others who really desired the final regulation of the Eastern question in the real interests of European tranquillity. Others there were who fully expected, without any especial interest, that England, having put her hand to the plough, would go through the furrow. All were alike surprised at the sudden halt. Writing to an esteemed correspondent in London, one of the oldest and best informed journalists of England, I had expressed some of these feelings as entertained here and by myself, as warmly interested, through past experiences, in the Turkish problem, and was surprised to receive from him the following reply:

"It is never of much use to prophesy in politics, but I venture to differ with you about Turkey. It is the old story. England is always defeated, as she was about Egypt, until suddenly she strikes some tremendous stroke, and then the world says, Who would have thought it? Of course if Mr. Cleveland is seeking war with us, all calculations are vain; but if not, I venture to say that nothing but the removal of this Sultan can save Turkey from partition. Very slowly and very silently the English are getting to their white heat. However, it is useless arguing about the future. At present the only thing certain is that we are going to add two millions a year to the grant for the navy."

Not having been looking westward for some time, absorbed in Eastern questions, I had no knowledge of the controversy, rather than negotiations, going on between the United States of America and England with regard to Venezuela, and I replied, supposing I knew something of public opinion in America, that there could be no danger of such a fire in the rear, and that nothing in the Venezuelan question justified a fear that the United States would provoke a quarrel when this so important question was pending of the existence of millions of Christians in Turkey, whose only hope was in the efficacy of English intervention. I could not believe that Cleveland could so far melt into the Jingo as to join in the hullabaloo of the shallow-pated crowd whose highest ambition seems to be to "twist the lion's tail."

It seems that I was mistaken, and now I recur to an earlier letter of the same respected correspondent, written in November, in which occurs the following passage:

"If you will read attentively the latter part of the speech of Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House, you will see that in his own mind he has doomed the Ottoman Empire, and he has a majority of 152. I dare say you know, better than I do, that the confidential reports to this Government represent the massacres in a much worse light than the papers do.* The Sultan has resolved on the extermination of the Armenian people. I expect some 'incident' hourly which will bring matters to a head—perhaps a great massacre of American missionaries, in which case we should act instantaneously, even if all Europe opposed and threatened us. Inferior Turks know nothing of America, and are furious with the missionaries."

The writer of the above is an eminent Liberal, not a partisan of Salisbury, a consistent and devoted Christian, and, like the greater part of the English people, interested in the work of our missionaries and in the pure humanity of the Turkish problem. The position of the English nation was greatly controlled by this sentiment, and perhaps, of all the late great movements of English public opinion, this was the least selfish and profoundest in its appeal to the best part of the English nature. Adequately supported, it must have settled the question of how long Christian Europe would let the slaughter of unoffending Christians be carried on by a fanatic Sultan, served by a bloodthirsty mob and an equally bloodthirsty and fanatical soldiery, under the protection of the Christian Powers. From Russia nothing was to be hoped for, as the Russian (people or Government) detests the Armenian only less than does the Turk; and as the Armenian is the most civilized and teachable of the many races in Asia Minor, he is that one who will most easily be brought to the work of putting in order the reformed Empire—which does not suit the schemes of Russia.

Thanks to President Cleveland and his fire in the rear, England has been stopped in her benefaction, and it is Christianity, not English interests, which must pay the bill; for, with this nefarious attack at such a critical moment, it is out of the question that England could allow herself to be engaged in any difficulty on the other side of the Atlantic. England has only to do her best that the attempted solution shall not lose ground and human interests go backward, and hope in the spring to be able to resume the action where it was left off, with the tide perhaps at the ebb, while it was before at the flood, with Russia thoroughly prepared and her ascendency over the Sultan assured beyond any contest. The missionaries are not murdered because the Power that could have protected the Armenians, and would not, would have the missionaries protected for fear of the intervention becoming more prompt and effectual; but the murdering and outrage go on as steadily if not as multitudinously as before, and the extermination of a Christian people goes on from day to day systematically and deliberately, though in such a way as to permit the great Powers not to be driven, despite themselves, to recognize the fact that nothing has been done to redeem the situation,

* This I did know. The confidential reports received in Rome far exceed all that the governments have allowed to appear in print.

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and that when the spring comes with the Russian intervention ready, there will be the new pretext that the remnant of the Armenian population is not large enough to justify the chance of war on their behalf.

This is the triumph of Mr. Cleveland. It is hardly necessary to say that throughout Italy, where there are no enemies of the United States, but mostly warm friends, the voice of condemnation for this unprovoked and unnecessary crisis, which disturbs the best intentions of Italy as well as England, is universal. Not a single journal or public man speaks otherwise than in condemnation of the course of our Government; and in a land where constitutional law has a special study, not a constitutional lawyer can frame an excuse for the same. X.

SUDERMANN'S "LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

LEIPZIG, *December 16, 1895.*

SUDERMANN'S latest play, now running with fair success in several German theatres, is a matrimonial drama which is saved from a tragic ending by the forbearance of the husband; a forbearance which some will call Christian, others Philistine.

Imagine a handsome girl, of passionate but noble nature, left a penniless orphan in the hands of aristocratic relations. She is passed about from one to the other like an ownerless commodity, until she longs for a home and—an owner. She becomes the guest of her friend Bettina, Baroness von Röcknitz, a dullish woman, who is neglected by her horsey libertine of a husband and seeks nepenthe in sleep. While Bettina dozes out the long summer evenings, Elizabeth talks intelligently with the Baron of his plans. The pair fall in love with each other, and presently the inflammable Baron makes advances which cause her to run away from him in alarm. As she is weeping alone in the castle garden, she is found by the Baron's old tutor, Wiedemann, an elderly widower with three children. Wiedemann comforts her and asks her to be his wife. She accepts, and they are married. This much is presupposition. The play opens three years later.

The humdrum schoolmaster and his whilom aristocratic wife are living happily together in their humble cottage. At least they call themselves happy, and look with sovereign contempt upon the busybodies who have not yet ceased to wonder how such a woman could be content with such a lot. Wiedemann teaches a common school with devotion, and Elizabeth looks after the little garden and makes things meet at the butcher's and grocer's. She is idolized by her stepdaughter. In secret, however, Wiedemann has his misgivings. Then, one day, Röcknitz and his wife come and quarter themselves upon the schoolmaster for a visit. The Baron blurts out his opinion that Wiedemann is much too good for the life he is leading, and that Elizabeth cannot be happy in such a place. In short, he is going to Parliament, and he would like a good and trusty man like Wiedemann—man of ability and character—for manager of his estates. The schoolmaster sees a chance of bettering his position and nibbles at the bait, but—he must consult his wife. The Baron asks that, after a preparatory hint, the task of persuading her be left to himself. Then comes the great scene of the play. Received coldly by Elizabeth, the Baron remonstrates and recalls their pleasant acquaintance at his castle. She asks him bluntly why he had wished to make her his mistress, her of all women in the world. He demurs; for two years he had been madly in love with her, but had understood her perfectly, had known that dishonor would be death to her. At last he had brought himself to the point of "sending his good wife to the devil," but she, Elizabeth, had misunderstood him, refused to see him, and returned his letters unopened. Now he implores her to save him from himself. Without her he has been growing mean and rough. He works hard, but his life signifies nothing. He promises with a solemn oath never to speak to her of love; he only wishes to see her now and then, to have her near him as an inspiration to better living. Elizabeth replies with desperate calmness that this is all very alluring, but out of the question, because she—still loves him. Losing control of herself for an instant, she throws herself into his arms with expressions of passionate endearment, and then recoils with horror when she realizes what she has done. The Baron thinks he has her in his power, and urges his proposal with fierce, almost brutal, importunity. There shall be no more resistance; he *will* have her, and what he wills he puts through. Finally, he gives her until evening to decide "yes or no," and leaves her with a vague threat of awful revenge if she refuses.

The third act opens upon an evening party given by the Wiedemanns in honor of their guests. The Baron is present, and takes occasion to press his brutal "yes or no" as Elizabeth is pouring his coffee. She has resolved to drown herself, and asks him to wait until morning for an answer. The manner of her leave-taking alarms Assistant Dangel, who communicates to Wiedemann his suspicion that she is about to run away. Wiedemann sits up alone after the guests are gone. As Elizabeth emerges from her room he receives her, of course not aware of her suicidal purpose, with infinite sadness, but without a word of reproach. If she has tired of him she shall go—the door is open. But why creep away in the night without a word of farewell, when they have lived so happily together? This recalls the night of his wooing, and she tells him that she is fleeing now from the same man who had frightened her then. "Then this house should be your best protection," he urges. "That protection I have forfeited," she answers. Then she confesses her indiscretion, and tells the story of her long pent up love for Röcknitz which had burst forth in one moment of uncontrollable passion. "Now drive me from the house," she says. The answer is: "Will you stay with us?" "How can I," she asks, "with this stain upon my soul?" Then it is his turn to confess—that he had married her fully believing that she had been betrayed by some member of her aristocratic circle. The play ends with the exclamation of Elizabeth: "It is as if I saw you now for the first time."

The German title, *Das Glück im Winkel*, literally "Happiness in a Corner," invites us to suppose, apparently, that, after the confessions of the final scene, the clouds that have lowered o'er the house are to vanish, and the happiness of the ill-mated pair is to enter upon a new and better era. Can we easily suppose this? the German critics are just now asking. The question has an ethical and an artistic aspect. In a common-sense view of the matter there is no reason why the heroine should drown herself, or leave her home in the style of Ibsen's Nora. To be sure, her husband has misunderstood her character in a rather humiliating way, but for all that he has treated her with unvarying tenderness. It will be so in the future. What is she to do if she leaves him? As a "dutiful nature," she can have nothing to do with the Baron, whose character she has now come to understand, without a triple treachery that would make existence unbearable. If she leaves her home and avoids Röcknitz, she returns to a worse *misère* than that from which she has been glad to escape. And, finally, the river is a gruesome bed or a young wife who has for three years been finding life quite livable in spite of the blighted buds. What wonder, then, if she is won by the gentle appeal of her husband, who says, as he caresses her: "My youth, indeed, I cannot give back to you. But your youth, too, will slowly pass away. The wishes will become more quiet, the longing will fall asleep. Every one, even the happiest, must learn resignation. And perhaps there may yet be happiness in our familiar nook." It is the old problem of Goethe's "Prometheus": "Shall I hate life because the dream-blossoms do not all ripen?" The distracted wife answers wisely.

But how about the husband? one asks. Is it probable that a humble schoolmaster, commonplace, but not sordid, would marry a poor aristocrat of whose purity he had doubts? This rather delicate point, which is vital to the dénouement, is managed by Sudermann with a skill of portraiture which all but carries the day. Wiedemann has been unable to get on in the world, and is beset by a gnawing consciousness of mediocrity. His friends look upon him as a man of ability. They tell of others, he sees others, who have outstripped him on less of intellectual capital. But it is of no use. After a youth spent as private tutor, he secures a position where he can earn his bread as teacher of a common school, and there he stops. He has not even been able to pass the examinations which would admit him to teach in a gymnasium. He appears at the Röcknitz house as a tolerated guest, the master's old tutor. He becomes acquainted with Elizabeth and looks up to her as to a madonna. As he finds her weeping alone one night, the suspicion that she has been betrayed seems to bring her nearer to him, and to make it possible to win her for a wife. He too has something to conceal. His failure to rise offsets in his mind her supposed fall. And so they marry under a mutual pledge of silence in regard to the past.

As I intimated a moment ago, the drawing almost saves the dénouement from the appearance of an inartistic concession to the popular preference for happy endings. The play is interesting to the very end. The small realism is cleverly managed, and the characters of Röcknitz and Elizabeth are noteworthy additions to the repertory of the German theatres, although neither of them quite equals in dramatic interest the superb figure of Magda in Sudermann's "Home"—the most powerful creation known to me in the recent dramatic literature of Germany. When all has been said, however, this last play does not leave a perfectly satisfactory impression. Melpomene presides austerely over the first two acts, and then turns over her sceptre to Common Sense, who had no reputation as a dramatic muse. Röcknitz, the real hero, is not well disposed of. Just before the end, Wiedemann rises to heroic height and exclaims: "To-morrow our house shall be purified; trust me for that." That is, Röcknitz is to be choked off as a baffled villain. But nothing has prepared us for this sudden exhibition of manly vigor on the part of the schoolmaster. It sounds stagey and hollow. One does not "trust" him, but feels that he will be overborne by the stronger nature and

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will not so easily get rid of the imperious and self-willed Baron—at least not without the aid of the police.

It is too early for a judgment of the work as literature, since it has not yet appeared on the book-market. But this much seems to be certain: it must put an end to the notion that Sudermann is nothing unless a preacher and a social reformer. In a last year's book by Prof. Litzmann of Bonn, which lies before me as I write, he is described as "a born satirist, not one of the tame sort who only tickle and scratch, but one of the stamp of Juvenal, who swings his scourge with fierce satisfaction so that the blood starts from the soft voluptuous flesh," etc. The first plays of Sudermann gave, perhaps, a little color to this characterization, though it is much too strong even for them. "Honor" is directed against conventional ideas of that subject. "The Destruction of Sodom," which the Berlin wits mistakenly thought would be the destruction of Sudermann, is the tragedy of genius ruined by a vicious social environment. "Home" has for heroine a young woman who runs away from her father's tyranny, rises through sin and shame to great distinction as a singer, and then returns, "greater than her sin," to assert her imperious personality with tragic results in her narrow provincial home. In all of those one can see a little of the preacher, perhaps, but nothing of the bloody scourge. But the next play, "The Battle of the Butterflies," was a comparatively good-natured portrait of the vulgar mamma with marriageable daughters, while in this latest of all one can find no trace whatever of the war against society. Sudermann is a man of the world, a psychologist, and an artist, not a voice crying in the wilderness. The immortality of Juvenal or Jeremiah would not be to his taste. He has learned some things from Ibsen, but has a more genial artistic temper, and thinks the influence of Ibsen upon German literature has been upon the whole baneful. CALVIN THOMAS.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—II.

PARIS, December 19, 1895.

As soon as the States-General met in 1789, the French Academy was attacked as an oligarchical institution. On the 16th of August, 1790, Lebrun, speaking in the Finance Committee, proposed to continue for the current year the appropriation of 25,217 livres allotted for the expenses of the Academy. He proposed also to assign a sum of 1,200 livres for an annual prize. Lanjuinais attacked the proposition. "Privileged academies," said he, "are centres of a literary aristocracy." Mirabeau was charged with the mission of making a report on the academies (there were other academies than the so-called French Academy), and he charged Chamfort with the preparation of his report. Mirabeau died before he could use this report. Chamfort published it, and though he had been for ten years a member of the French Academy, he denounced that body in the most sarcastic manner, as a school of flattery, of servitude, speaking of "the struggle of small interests, of low rivalries, of the play of all those motley vanities between *lettrés*, *mitrés*, *titrés*." Chamfort added that the work of the Academy was simply *nil*. He finally proposed its suppression. The last meeting of the Academy took place on the 5th of August, 1793. Very few Academicians were present; the great majority were out of France or in hiding. The Convention had already suppressed all the academies, and this last meeting was informal. In November, 1793, one of the Academicians, Bailly, was guillotined. Malesherbes and Nicolaï soon followed him. Condorcet poisoned himself. Vicq d'Azyr died of terror. Several other Academicians, the Duke de Nivernais, the Bishop of Senlis, Loménie de Brienne, Roquelaure, the Abbé Barthélemy, La Harpe, were thrown in prison.

The Constitution of the year III. created a "National Institute." This Institute was organized by the law of the third Brumaire, year IV. It was divided, and the division still subsists, into classes, though the denominations and objects of the classes have been altered. The first class, with its many sections, was assigned to the mathematical and physical sciences; the second to political and moral sciences (analysis of sensations and ideas, morals, social science, legislation, political economy, history, geography); the third class was dedicated to literature, and was at the same time the class of the fine arts. The old French Academy had not yet revived with its actual name of Academy of Letters, but it had reappeared in the various sections of Class II. and Class III. The work of the Convention was founded upon a classification of all human knowledge, and, with some changes, it has survived; the representation of letters has become more homogeneous, but the moral and political sciences have preserved their special representations.

The executive power chose the first members of the new academies. Article 8 of the law of the third Brumaire confided to the Directory the nomination of 48 members, two in each section, who should elect 96 other members, as the Institute was to be composed of 144 members. The Directory did not choose a single living member of the old French Academy; it chose, in the section of poetry, Chénier (not André, his brother Marie-Joseph) and Lebrun; in the section of grammar, two men now forgotten. In the class of moral and political sciences we find Volney, Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of 'Paul and Virginia,' Cambacérès, Sieyès. I have said that the Institute had to complete itself by the election of ninety-six members. Curiously enough, the definitive choice was to be made by the whole Institute—a very bad system, as the judges had not all the special knowledge which would have been a proper guide; the littérateurs did not know the scientists nor the archæologists. This incongruity distinctly appeared in the first solemn meeting of the Institute; a memoir on chemistry followed an "Ode on Enthusiasm."

Carnot was elected to the section of Mechanics, and in 1797 occurred the election of Gen. Bonaparte. He appeared for the first time on the 5th of January, 1798; he entered in a simple gray coat, and took his place between the two famous mathematicians Lagrange and Laplace. When Bonaparte soon afterwards started for Egypt, he took with him several savants—mathematicians, geographers, artists; he signed his letters of the time "Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, General." During the campaign of Marengo, Lucien Bonaparte, who was Home Minister, proposed a reorganization of the Institute and the reëstablishment of the French Academy. Napoleon on his return did not show himself very favorable to the idea. The transformation took place only when Bonaparte, under the name of First Consul, became a real sovereign.

"Déjà Napoléon perçait sous Bonaparte."

On the 23d of January, 1803, appeared the decree of the Consuls which organized a new Institute. The system of the classes was changed; the class of the moral and political sciences was suppressed. The second class, without being exactly the old French Academy, and without bearing its name, was almost the counterfeit of it. The elections were to be made by the classes, not by the whole body of the Institute; this last innovation was of the highest importance.

The second class soon considered itself the legitimate heir of the old French Academy, and resumed all its traditions; but Napoleon would not tolerate the old name of French Academy. There were four classes instead of three; the physical and mathematical sciences formed the first, the French language and literature the second, history and ancient literature the third, the fine arts the fourth. All the members of the new Institute were appointed by the Government. The Academy of the Empire did not compare well with the old French Academy; it had no great *illustrations* in its ranks. Its principal function seems to have been to sing the praises of "the great genius who presided over the destinies of France." The eulogy of the sovereign became a necessary part of all the speeches of the Academicians. The new master would be placed above Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. "Quis deus nobis hæc otia fecit?" asked one in Virgil's phraseology, in his reception speech. Adulation never went further than Cardinal Maury, when he spoke of "something greater than nature, which does not seem to belong to time, as it is neither uncertain nor inconstant."

Napoleon kept his eye on the Academy, even during his campaigns. He disliked the allusions made to the events of the Revolution, and wrote to Fouché from Finkenstein: "Don't allow any reaction. Mirabeau ought to be well spoken of. There are many things in this session of the Academy which don't please me [this was after the reception of Maury]. When shall we be wise? When shall we abstain from reviving painful memories?" Chateaubriand read, as usual, his reception speech before a committee of the Academy; he tells, in his 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' how his speech displeased the majority of the committee: "Liberty," said Chateaubriand, "is so naturally the friend of science and of letters that it takes refuge with them when it is banished from the midst of the people." Napoleon asked to read the speech; he declared that it was of the utmost extravagance and would not allow it to be delivered. He said to Fontanes, a friend of Chateaubriand and a member of the Academy: "Since when, sir, does the Institute consider itself a political body? Tell it to write verses and correct faults of grammar, and not go out of the domain of the muses. . . . Am I a usurper [Chateaubriand had made a faint allusion to Louis XVI.]? I dethroned nobody, sir; I found the crown in the mud, and the people put it on my head. . . . If you missed me to-morrow, there would only be new massacres." Chateaubriand refused to correct his speech, and the confirmation of his election was suspended. He could not take his place among his colleagues, but his election remained valid.

A new age of Augustus is the dream of absolute monarchs; if such was the dream of Napoleon, it was never realized, and the imperial epoch left no great poetical or literary work. Mme. de Staël and Chateaubriand preserved the power of their genius only by establishing themselves in an entirely independent position. In vain did Napoleon multiply pensions and

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academical prizes; he refused to the Academy what letters need above all—liberty. In 1804 he established the great prizes, to the number of 22 (9 of 10,000 francs, 13 of 5,000 francs) destined for the best works and inventions which had honored the sciences, letters, and the arts in a period of ten years. He was to award these prizes with his own hand, but he really never did so. In 1809 he instituted new prizes, but he gave to the Institute merely a consultative power. The prizes were to be bestowed by an imperial decree. The function of the Institute was reduced to the drawing up of reports and to propositions made to the Emperor. Napoleon probably found that the productions of those who competed for the prizes were unworthy of the greatness of his reign; he did not distribute them in person, and a list of them would show that he was right. He was more fortunate when he granted important sums to the new edition of the Dictionary of the French language, to a 'Dictionary of the Language of the Fine Arts,' and to the continuation of the 'Histoire Littéraire de la France,' which the Benedictines had begun.

The first return of the Bourbons did not cause any change in the regulation of the Institute. The literary life of the country was, so to speak, in suspense during the Hundred Days and after the disasters of France. The second Restoration made some changes in the organization of the Institute. By the royal ordinance of March 21, 1816, the Institute was preserved as a whole, but the French Academy reassumed its former name and its old status; some new members were elected by the royal ordinance, and eleven Academicians were excluded—Bassano, Garat, Cambacérès, Cardinal Maury, Merlin, Sieyès, Roederer, Lucien Bonaparte, Arnault, Regnault de St.-Jean-d'Angély, Étienne. The Institute by the ordinance of 1816 was composed of four academies, the French Academy taking precedence; afterwards came the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts. All these denominations still stand, but a fifth academy was created later with the name of Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences. The academies were to have each its independent statutes and constitution; they were bound to have every year a public sitting, at which all were to be represented.

The four academies reorganized by the ordinance of March 21, 1816, had their inaugural session on the 24th of April. The presidency of the first assembly of the new Institute belonged by right to the French Academy, and consequently to the President chosen by this Academy. By a curious coincidence, it happened to be the Duke de Richelieu; thus reappeared, at the moment of a new transformation, the name of the famous founder of the Academy. Fontanes, elected Vice-President, said in a speech which he made on that occasion:

"Physical and mathematical sciences surely have a very great importance. . . . It is to their application that industry, commerce, the arts owe so many ingenious contrivances; but these arts, as Bacon energetically says, are rooted in the needs of man, and develop themselves by the efforts of interest and cupidity. The increase of wealth and of the commodities of life is a great benefit, it cannot be denied; but our heart has nobler instincts which have to be satisfied. Letters, viewed in their general relations, have a more direct influence on the moral and sensitive part of man. I am not afraid to say, 'A people which should be only *savant* might remain barbarous; a lettered people is necessarily sociable and polite.'"

The preëminence of the Academy of Letters over the others was thus asserted, and it must be said that generally it has not been contested by public opinion. The members of the French Academy have preserved the name of "Immortals," though the word is often pronounced ironically, and the irony would be well justified in going over the list, already very long, of those who have received this brevet of immortality. This list would show you the "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." The mind is its own place, and you cannot easily force it into categories.

Whoever may be interested in the questions relative to the organization of the Institute and to the prizes it has to distribute, will do well to consult the following work: 'L'Institut de France: Lois, statuts et réglements concernant les anciennes Académies et l'Institut, de 1635 à 1889. Tableau des fondations. Collection publiée par M. Léon Aucoc' (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1889). The "Tableau des Fondations," which occupies pages 330-384, indicates the prizes which the Institute distributes annually.

Correspondence.

THE MAIN QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So far, perhaps because of the pressure of the more important aspects of the Venezuelan matter, I have seen no condemnation of a certain happening which, it seems to me, marks accurately the depth of imbecile rage to which we have reduced ourselves. I refer to the dragging forth of Lowell's letter written in 1865 in which he says (I quote from memory), "There is but one thing worse than war with England, and that is, to be afraid of war," etc.

There are no present weapons effective enough for us, and so, forsooth, we bring dead men from their graves, and essay a feeble flourish of mouldering documents which by no means represent later convictions under changed conditions. It is a brave deed.

Celia A. M. Currier.

Iowa City, Iowa, December 28, 1895.

[Just so we are disentombing the Monroe Doctrine "under changed conditions."—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May the wild West dare offer you thanks and congratulations for voicing such Americans as think with their brains? It seems queer to thank people for being sane, maybe, but it stirs me to find truth and wisdom and patriotism in these days of the Jingo, so much that I wish I could go and shake your hand. It has not just the charm of novelty to find the *Nation* safe and sound, but custom does not stale the delight of it, perhaps because more and more we have to suffer from those who peddle their mouths.

I am young enough still to like fighting, and rather to believe in it, too—but not as an elective means of grace. The frontier may not exactly teach a Quaker-like abstinence from strife, but it certainly never develops Jingoes. The gentlemen who looked upon indiscriminate quarrels as good for the blood and muscle, have all joined some other graveyard than the ones which they respectively sought to swell. Few grieve for them; yet they were more virile, at any rate, and less venal than the persons who aim to sell papers by getting their substitutes killed. And as between their intellectual horizon and that of those who would dress a nation in the discarded togs of the Bad Man from Bodie, I can find little to choose.

A Republican when my party will allow me, a Westerner by every fibre of choice, I often find things in the *Nation* whose letter I cannot keep. But its spirit is one of the things I love and venerate and am proud of every day that I am an American; and with all my heart I wish it godspeed. L.

Los Angeles, Cal., December 27, 1895.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For thirty years now—that is, from the foundation of the paper—I have been a constant reader of the *Nation*. Long ago I fell into the habit of reading nearly the whole of every number—a larger percentage than of any other periodical. In shaping my habits of thought and such intellectual training as I have been able to give myself, I recognize the *Nation* as one of the most potent influences. Perhaps that is the reason why your recent denunciations of the folly and savagery of the President and the Congress appeal so powerfully to my reason. If I may judge from my own case, you have largely formed the intellects you address, and that is the secret of your power. But may I not, on the other hand, congratulate myself on having assisted to create the power that has made me what I am? But more (and this is the fact of which I am proud), in creating the power that has made me, I have helped to build one of the bulwarks that shall stem and roll back the tide of barbarism now sweeping over the land.

The country must be saved. It is a gigantic but not impossible task. I suggest the need of immediate organization and prompt action. In every city, village, and township there must be a few sane and sober-minded men opposed to war under the present circumstances or any conditions likely to arise. Let them unite, without regard to party or creed. Let them speak in unmistakable tones. Above all, let us be prompt. The "howling savages" are on top at present; and the longer they remain on top, the more difficult it will be to dislodge and overthrow them.

In the war upon war and savagery every man may be a hero without rapine or murder. Forward the light brigade of peace and civilization! "The path of duty is the way to glory." A. F. Hamilton.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While I agree with the general tenor of your comment on the recent war scare, it strikes me you are too despondent in your view of the general outcome of it. In the first place, though I am no adept in such questions, do you not greatly overestimate the financial loss already incurred through the panic? No doubt there have been heavy transfers of securities, in some cases out of hands which could ill afford to part with them; but what positive destruction of values has yet taken place?

Then, how healthful, if the evil exist, has been the revelation of the thinness of the veneering or varnish of our civilization, and of how much yet remains in us of the ape and tiger—the same brutal nature seen in the lynchings prevalent over a large part of our land.

But what an uprising, too, of the better portion of the people in both countries, with the willingness manifested to suffer "humiliation" if need be, in retreating from a false position and acknowledging an error, or even wrong,

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committed. One could almost be glad of the excitement if it shall teach us that nations are amenable to the same principles of honor and integrity which govern individuals; that it is no more dishonorable for a nation to acknowledge mistakes and make reparation than for an individual; and that, as the duel with its code is fast becoming obsolete, so war must one day pass away.

It will be no small gain, too, if the Monroe Doctrine, so often invoked, yet evidently so imperfectly understood or defined, shall have its place and value in the world's code formally determined.

And worthy of mention, also, may be the impetus given to the restoration of good feeling between North and South among our own people.

We must deplore the wild and almost wicked talk which followed, though it did not begin with, the war message; but it is worth while to note some compensating benefits which have also followed.—Respectfully yours,

H. D. C.

EASTPORT, ME.

[The address adopted by the New York Chamber of Commerce on Thursday last does not make light of "the financial loss already incurred." This loss, "caused by the rude derangement of business and by the fall in the value of merchandise and of securities, is too painfully fresh to require discussion at our hands." If our correspondent will further take account of *prospects* as well as of current values, of the check given to all long-term enterprises as well as to the common confident calculation from year to year, he will discover a widespread loss which, if it cannot be calculated, can hardly be exaggerated. War devastates by repression as well as by destruction.—ED. NATION.]

POINTERS FOR THE COMMISSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although it is difficult to see how American safety, interests, or honor can be affected by the boundaries of any of the insignificant despotisms of South America, yet one can scarcely help noting certain facts and principles of a general character which must present themselves at the beginning of any investigation of boundary, however cursory.

The territorial rights of nations are based on discovery and occupation, on cession or on conquest. Since Venezuela discovered nothing, and conquered nothing, except in so far as by successful rebellion she constrained a cession from Spain, her rights rest exclusively on such cession, and carry no title except such as Spain possessed. But the only paper title of Spain is derived from the Pope's bull of 1493, when his Holiness, possessing no knowledge of the New World beyond the discovery of one American island during the preceding year, took it upon himself, as vicegerent of God and owner of the world, to grant to Spain all lands that had been or might be discovered west of the Azores. If, therefore, Spain derived title to anything from that source, it is not confined to Venezuela, but extends to all the islands and both continents of America, including New York and Philadelphia, and even that bed of justice and seat of patriotic virtue, the capital at Washington. Mr. Cleveland's newborn and expensive zeal for parti-colored American autocracies masquerading as "republics" should therefore not be confined to pampering them at the sole expense of Great Britain, but should prompt him to hand over to the grantees of Spain the whole United States; and if it is right to do it at all, it should be done at once, because, if the grantees of Spain hold anything under the bull of his Reverence, they hold equal title to all of both Americas.

Descending from record to possessory title, it is an acknowledged principle of international agreement (which agreement, when universally accepted, is called international law) that the incipient occupation of new countries is chiefly defined and ascertained by their natural drainage systems. Thus, a settlement made in the valley of a river having its own independent debouchure at the sea, accompanied with a corresponding claim of right, is held to extend to all the territory drained by such river and its tributaries, whether immediately and fully occupied by such claimant or not; but to no more than such drainage system. If another valley is claimed, that also must be visibly occupied by at least one post or settlement, or will remain open to new-comers. Any other rule would be intolerable to the world, because it would enable the nation making the first puny settlement to claim and exclude others from an entire continent by establishing a single post of a dozen men.

It is a matter of history that the Spanish occupation of what is now known as Venezuela was for generations confined to the north side of the Orinoco basin, while the Dutch occupation (now passed to Great Britain by treaty) covered both banks of the Essequibo and certain points on the south side of the Orinoco basin, as shown by official maps of all the parties. There was some doubt as to the Dutch or English right to the posts held by them in the Orinoco basin, and they were consequently long ago abandoned to Venezuela on the condition of Venezuelan protection of the native inhabitants, although such points have never been reduced to actual occupation by Venezuela. England now claims, as she has always claimed, the entire basin of the Essequibo, and nothing else, and most of it is and has long been occupied by her settlers. Venezuela claims the entire basin of the Orinoco, which was long since conceded to her, and a large part of the basin of the Essequibo, no part of which has ever been occupied either by her or her Spanish predecessor, and which England, who is in actual possession, cannot surrender without yielding her plain rights by all the tenets of international law, her duty to forty thousand of her settlers now occupying the territory, and suffering an unprecedented debasement before the world. She is demanding no new territory, but claims only what she or her predecessor held before Mr. Monroe was born. It is a question whether it would not be to our interest if she should claim new territory, since her occupation would be equivalent to the introduction of free institutions and the dominion of settled industry and law into an uninhabited wilderness which may otherwise fall into the clutches of the cruel, corrupt, and irresponsible despots who succeed each other by revolution, every few months, in the plunder of one of the most despicable of all the Spanish *residua* in either America.

If it be true that intelligent diplomacy as hitherto defined is the art of making it easy for the other party to do what one wishes him to do, then Mr. Cleveland's burst of reckless zeal has succeeded only in making an honorable adjustment well-nigh impossible. Without troubling himself to ascertain the rights of the parties who are alone concerned, he has inflicted on a friendly nation of our own blood, and the only one that has never objected to the Monroe Doctrine, an insulting threat, before which no free government can yield without being overthrown by the passions of its own people.

It is now too late for the great republic of the world to escape this absurdity of schoolboy ill-temper, or the loss of hundreds of millions of its capital already destroyed, but the profounder ruin of national bankruptcy and the bloody destruction of war may yet be averted; and unless Mr. Cleveland is willing to stand for ever in the pillory of history, it devolves on him to discover an honorable way of allaying the passions of the ignorant rabble on both sides before they are irremediably aroused.

I. J. W.

PHILADELPHIA, January 4, 1896.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Boston Public Library is a little volume entitled 'A Voyage to the Demerary, containing a statistical account of the settlement there and of those on the Essequibo,' etc., "by Henry Bolingbroke, Esquire, of Norwich, Deputy Vendue-Master at Surinam." I have examined the book, and it purports to be a minute account of the author's personal examination of the territory, the productions, the people, and the history of the colony then lately taken by the English from the Dutch. The book was published in London in 1809, but a note in it states that it is a reprint. It was written after the occupation by the English in 1796, however, for there is frequent reference to the English occupation, and the correspondence between the English Government and its officers who took possession of the colony is given.

I quote from it as follows: "The west coast of Pomaroon juts on the boundary of the Orinoco where there is a military post established. . . . Since the English took possession of the colonies they have cultivated the whole of that coast, extending upwards of fifty miles, and are now making estates on the banks of the Pomaroon" (p. 273). The author mentions as situate on the Pomaroon River "Fort Zealand, which the English destroyed in 1666; Middleburg, which at the same period was plundered and abandoned" (p. 273). "The estates already made between the Essequibo and Pomaroon Rivers are variously valued from five to eighty thousand pounds sterling, each according to the extent of cultivation, number of buildings," etc. (p. 273).

These are only part of a number of facts stated by the author, showing that the region between the Moroco and Essequibo Rivers, part of the territory now claimed by Venezuela, had been occupied for many years, and had been under the actual jurisdiction of the Dutch and their English successors. There is no mention or suggestion of any question as to the right to this jurisdiction. The book contains a map of the whole colony, showing also the old sites of New Zealand and New Middleburg on the Pomaroon River, roads along the coast, and a military post on the east bank of the Moroco River. It does not show any territory west of the Moroco, nor does it indicate a boundary line of the colony in the interior.

I have not seen this book referred to in any of the newspaper or magazine discussions upon the subject of the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and it is quite evident from the speech of Senator Lodge in the Senate, delivered a few

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days ago, that he was ignorant of the information that it contains.

In the same library there is also a book, published by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, entitled 'A Description of British Guiana, Geographical and Statistical,' etc. It was published in London in 1840, and contains a map. The preface by the author states that it contains "the result of my personal examinations . . . during successive years from 1835 to 1839." At page 62 there is a "List of Estates" in the parishes of St. John and Trinity, which shows that in 1832 and in 1839 there were forty-nine "estates" in sugar, coffee, cotton, etc., in those two parishes. On a previous page the author states that the whole colony is divided into parishes, and that the two parishes just mentioned take in the territory between the Essequibo and Pomaroon Rivers, west of the Essequibo. In a list of towns and villages within the colony the author mentions two villages on the west bank of the Essequibo: Williamstown, "with fifteen houses, a good mercantile store, and a church capable of holding five hundred persons. . . . About seven miles higher up is a village called Catharinesburg, with about fifteen houses, a Wesleyan chapel, a store, and an apothecary's shop." All of these settlements were within the disputed territory.

CHARLES H. HARTSHORNE.

JERSEY CITY, January 3, 1896.

THE HOT-BED OF JINGOISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One explanation of the extraordinary bellicose attitude of a large portion of the citizens of the United States will undoubtedly be found in the false and pernicious teaching of history which they had in their youth. It is not too much to say that, twenty years ago, the only part of United States history that was well taught in the public schools was war. The French and Indian wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Rebellion were the only oases in the dreary desert of American history. The internal development of the country, the progress of the useful arts, our national experiments in political economy and finance, our foreign relations, were all slighted in the text-books in American schools twenty years ago, and the only time when the woman, who generally taught history to the present generation, felt she was on firm ground was when the class followed up and witnessed vicariously the barbarous slaughter, destruction, rapine, and brutality of sea and land engagements. With us Americans the average citizen never goes to a high school. He "quits" study when he "quits" the grammar school, and about all that he recollects of his school history is the wars; and about all he brings away from the little "red" school-house is a blind hatred of the country with which his ancestors fought.

The inability of the American people to profit by the economic and financial blunders of the previous generation has often been commented on. The explanation is that they know nothing about, and have never been taught in school, our financial, economic, and industrial history. Furthermore, it may be said without exaggeration that the masses of our people who got their education in the grammar schools departed from those schools with the idea that there was really no other history worth knowing except American, barring a dim idea that away back in the abyss of time there were such countries as Greece and Rome. The only existing foreign country of whose history the masses of America know anything at all is England, and of her history they know very little, and that little is altogether bad.

E. L. M.

INSIDIOUS MONARCHISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have failed to see, in all the discussions of the "Schomburgk line," any mention of perhaps the most interesting result of Sir Robert Schomburgk's explorations. On the first of January, 1837, he discovered, in the River Berbice, a new and magificent water plant, specimens of which he sent to England, where it was propagated. At the time of the discovery William IV. was King, but, before it received recognition from naturalists, his niece had succeeded to the throne, so that the new water-lily was named Victoria Regia, and is now cultivated under that designation. Surely this was a high-handed attempt to extend monarchical institutions to the Western Hemisphere. American botanists have been very supine in this matter; they ought to hold a conference at once at the Smithsonian rooms and have the name changed to *Monrovia Oneyensis*. As a popular designation, "Lodge's lily" might answer.

W. E.

JANUARY 5, 1896.

"GALLO."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of a book entitled 'Among the Pueblo Indians' in your issue of December 19, 1895, you say:

"There is nothing new in the story, unless the account of the game of 'gallo' which they saw played on San Juan's day, in the village of Cochiti, can be so considered. In one portion of the game 'a living rooster [*gallo*] was buried in the sand' up to the neck, and the object of the player as he rode by was to 'catch the bird' and bear it off to his home. Evidently this is the game of 'gander-pulling,' well known in early times in portions of the South and West; the only difference being that with us the bird was hung by the legs to a cross piece and the riders 'grabbed for the head' as they galloped by under the pole. Whether the Indians borrowed the game from their Spanish neighbors, if indeed they had it, or from ourselves, we cannot say, but that they did borrow it, is, we think, beyond all question."

The game is mentioned by many writers, travellers, novelists, etc., who treat of life in countries once owned by Spain; but at present I can give you only one quotation referring to it. In Bret Harte's poem of "Concepcion de Arguello" (which is a picture of life in California during the days of Spanish-American occupancy), we find the following lines:

"Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet."

The game was probably introduced from Spain. It certainly could not have existed in America previous to the discovery by Columbus, for both horses and roosters were unknown in our continent before that time.

W. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 3, 1896.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To your admirable review of 'The Psychology of Number,' by McLellan and Dewey, in the issue of November 28, this addition may be seasonable.

We read of a scholastic discussion as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Suppose that some investigator had decided that the true number was exactly one hundred and eleven, and had recorded this result in a text-book. Suppose that all subsequent text-book-makers had adopted this conclusion, until finally some one thought out and published "The Psychology of the Angelico-humanistic Interrelations, founded on the Number 'One Hundred and Eleven.'" Undoubtedly, we should be interested in it as an instance of mental ingenuity, but should consider that its purely arbitrary foundation rendered it of slight practical value.

As regards one phase, at least, of the work under discussion, the above illustration would be a fair parallel—the phase which treats of "addition" and "subtraction," wherein the authors travel a purely arbitrary path. To illustrate: In the school-room, a child's attention is directed to two groups of blocks, and he is asked to tell the total number in both. Counting those in either group, he goes on counting from that point till he has the sum of both sets. He is now asked to tell the difference between the two sets of blocks. Again he counts from the number in the larger set backwards till he comes to the number in the smaller set, or from the smaller number forward; in either case, finding the same difference. If he wishes to record on paper each of these steps, he arranges the symbols representing the number of blocks in each set in convenient position to aid him in his counting, by custom (not by necessity) one under the other. He still finds sums or differences wholly by counting or by memory of previous countings.

In an evil day of the long ago, some genius determined to call it "addition" when counting totals, "subtraction" when counting differences. Not only was this purely arbitrary, but its effect was to completely obscure and keep out of the arithmetics the real addition and subtraction as we know them in our daily experience. The child, *e. g.*, could have really added blocks to the place where either group was situated, but he could have done it only by a simultaneous subtraction from some other place. He could have subtracted any block from its place in either set, but he must have added it at once to some other place. Addition and subtraction form inseparable parts of one operation, and the child would have represented this operation on paper in very different fashion from his representation of the artificial "addition" and "subtraction."

In arithmetic, where the so-called "subtraction" is confined to counting from a smaller number to a larger, the mischief was confined to a wrong order of development, and to the suppression of the equation that follows at once the true addition and subtraction. When it came to counting from a larger number to a smaller—calling it "subtracting" a larger number from a smaller—the mischief was complete; for the scholars, at any rate, thought the attending concepts applicable to dollars and other material objects, instead of being purely imaginative. It is unfortunate that these conventional terms, with their affixed conventional meanings, should have been so long followed by the text-books; a careful examination, so far, revealing but one honorable exception, which is worth noting. In a little text-book, published at Exeter, N. H., in 1845, by Z. Jones, principal of Hampton Academy, the common use of the terms "addition" and "subtraction" is noted, but the author studiously avoids them, choosing more exact terms.

It is still more unfortunate that two author

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of such repute as Messrs. McLellan and Dewey should have incorporated into their 'Psychology' a fundamental arbitrary concept. Had they searched carefully, they would have found it the source of many contradictions and absurdities in our mathematics, and might have changed some of their own psychological conclusions. WILLIAM D. MACKINTOSH.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 3, 1896.

USE AND ABUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among recent abuses of the word woman, the worst is the curious trick of substituting the plural of the substantive form for that of the adjective, as *women* writers, *women* students, *women* graduates, *women* bicyclists, *women* prisoners. I have not the time nor do I care to verify quotations, but may I say that I have within six months seen this error committed twice in my home daily, twice in the official report of the State Superintendent of Prisons, once on the title-page of a semi-official and once in the body of an official publication of Cornell University, once in a literary letter of Mr. Zangwill's to the *Cosmopolitan*, and once in the columns of the New York *Evening Post*? Would it occur to those who take *women* in such connection for an apposition to praise the valor of our *sailors* boys or to refer with a touch of pride to their *soldiers* ancestors?

If woman is going to be *supra grammaticam*, like King Sigismund, her progress is backwards. Folk grammar, to be sure, admits "teeth-brushes."—Yours very truly,

ALFRED EMERSON.

ITHACA, N. Y., December 30, 1895.

[So long as we say "*men* folk(s)" and "*women* folk(s)," and Shakspere is not scouted for writing "Bring forth *men*-children only," and "Will you not go the way of *women*-kind?" the "abuse" pointed out by Prof. Emerson will perhaps not appear such to the majority. We cannot admit his analogy in the case of "*sailors* boys." It lacks the essential feature of "mutation" (man, men), which folk grammar (or should we say idiom?) has preserved in *teeth*-brushes. We might in English have had the word "teeth-brush" as the Germans say *Augenglas* (eyeglass), *Bücherschrank* (bookcase), etc. Their *Männerchor* corresponds to our "men folk."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. announce 'Jewish Ideals, and Other Essays,' by Joseph Jacobs; a volume on the evidences of Christianity from Browning's point of view, by Dr. Berdoe; a translation of Erdmann's 'Grundriss der Logik und Metaphysik,' by Dr. B. C. Burt of Ann Arbor; 'The Number Concept; Its Origin and Development,' by Prof. Levi L. Conant; an 'Atlas of Nerve Cells,' by Dr. M. Allen Starr; and 'Plant Breeding,' by Prof. L. H. Bailey, which will in September introduce the "Garden-Craft Series."

T. Y. Crowell & Co. enlarge their "Library of Economics and Politics" with 'Proportional Representation,' by Prof. John R. Commons of Syracuse University, and 'The Internal Revenue System of the United States,' by Dr. Frederic C. Howe of Cleveland, Ohio.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in press 'The Near East,' by Henry Norman, and 'One Hundred Games' for social amusement.

Roberts Bros. will soon issue the 'Family Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti,' with a memoir by W. M. Rossetti; and 'Modern Women.'

Effingham Wilson & Co., London, besides a new and revised edition of Alexander Del Mar's 'Science of Money,' will issue a 'Handy Guide to the Patent Laws,' by G. F. Emery.

We have received the printed catalogue of the Avery Architectural Library, the sub-title of which sets forth that it is a memorial library of architecture, archæology, and decorative art, and that it is connected with the library of Columbia College. The book is a massive quarto of 1,139 pages, with an introduction and a few illustrations at the beginning; it is sumptuously printed, and the matter of composition and proofreading seems to have been attended to with much more than usual thoroughness. It is not possible to ascertain from the text how many volumes, or how many separate works, the library contains, but the introduction states that there were about 13,000 volumes when the catalogue went to press, and reminds the reader that so many volumes devoted to a branch of the fine arts are of more pecuniary and actual consequence than the same number devoted to history or literature. Of course, the majority are richly illustrated, and, again of course, either a majority or a large minority are of folio size. The introduction is signed by the commission of purchase, which is composed of the professor of architecture in the School of Mines ex officio, now William R. Ware; the librarian of Columbia College ex officio, now George H. Baker, and Russell Sturgis of New York. It was in April, 1890, that Henry O. Avery died, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Avery, shortly afterward founded in his name and to his memory this great benefaction to students. The foundation has been increased and its range extended, until now it consists of the important collection of books above named and an invested fund of $15,000 for further acquisitions.

If we were to pick out the most timely reading from the closed volume 28 of the *Century* (May–October, 1895), we should designate the account of the naval battle of the Yalu in the late Sino-Japanese war. It is a peace tract of the first quality written by an American participant. Besides Prof. Sloane's continuing Life of Napoleon (which also has its peace lessons), and the serials that have already become books—Crawford's 'Casa Braccio,' Mrs. Harrison's 'Errant Wooing,' and 'Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire'—there is nothing significant that we have not touched upon in our monthly notices. Still, we will recall Mr. Janvier's graphic story of the Comédie-Française in the old amphitheatre at Orange, France; and, among the illustrations, the several portraits of Rubinstein, Bryant, Clay, and Keats.

The two volumes of *Scribner's* for 1895 have also their books in embryo—Meredith's 'Amazing Marriage,' Mrs. Ward's 'Story of Bessie Costrell,' and Robert Grant's 'Art of Living,' to say nothing of President Andrews's unfinished scrap-book 'History of the Last Quarter-Century,' begun in the March number. The papers on Golf and on Posters, French, English, and American, bespeak attention to current fads. Theodore Roosevelt's "Six Years of Civil Service Reform" must now be read with melancholy reflections on the fine gold that has become dimmed. The biographical-critical sketches of wood-engravers have been worthily continued. It is well to remember the late portrait of Huxley, and to forget certain eccentricities of illustration, which will be found in the second volume.

Continuing its standard edition of papers read before it, the Massachusetts Military Historical Society has published, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., another fine octavo volume entitled 'The Virginia Campaign of 1862 under General Pope.' The papers, fourteen in number, were nearly all read before the Society in 1877, and have a double interest: first, of course, for the historical and critical matter contained in them, but, second, for the instructive evidence of the change of sentiment and judgment which has come to intelligent military men in the progress of twenty years. Half of the papers show the strong predilections (not to say prejudices) which were rife among army men at the close of the war. The publication of the Official Records by the Government has made obsolete such ardent advocacy of favorites and sweeping condemnation of others. There is also another portion, calm and judicial in character, which has not lost in weight or influence. Noteworthy among these are the papers of Mr. John C. Ropes and Colonel Thomas L. Livermore. Outside of the controversial list are admirable descriptive papers, like Gen. Walcott's "Revisit to the Field of Chantilly," and Gen. Andrews's "Battle of Cedar Mountain."

In spite of rather careless style and wayward punctuation, Mr. Bernard C. Steiner's monograph on 'Citizenship and Suffrage in Maryland' (Baltimore: Cushing & Co.) is likely to be useful to several classes of persons. Historical students will probably be most interested in the earlier pages, dealing with citizenship and suffrage during the early colonial period, and based on diligent study of early laws and records; the summaries of important cases in State courts involving the suffrage and election laws ought to be of some value to lawyers; while the dark picture which Mr. Steiner draws of the political and judicial corruption attending elections in Baltimore from time to time during the past thirty years, though presenting nothing new, is nevertheless a forcible illustration of the conditions against which municipal reform has to contend.

The "verse renderings of typical passages" of 'The Song of Roland: A Summary for the Use of English Readers,' by Arthur Way and Frederic Spencer (London: Nutt; New York: Macmillan), are not of such a quality as to distinguish the little pamphlet which serves as an excuse for printing them. And if we admit that "small service is true service," we must add that with little trouble a much greater help could have been rendered. If interest is to be aroused in the 'Chanson de Roland,' the English reader might at least be directed to the most convenient original text—say, Léon Gautier's, with its parallel translation into modern French prose, line for line, and all its apparatus. Our editors would also have done well to borrow freely from Prof. Gautier's full introduction as calculated to whet the student's appetite.

It will be strange if some Jingo Furioso does not speedily translate into pure American-English Paulo Fambri's 'La Ginnastica Bellica' (Rome: Casa Editrice Italiana). Its brawny giant of an author examines Galen's three divisions of gymnastics, namely, "medica, sive sapiens, *bellica*, *sive patriotica*, athletica, sive

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histrionica"; likens the first to the Swedish system, the third to the German, and makes them over to invalids and acrobats respectively; and adopts the third as apt to render the youth of the country strong and formidable, ready for self-defence and for attack—warlike and therefore patriotic. He holds up to scorn the wretched bodies of the annual volunteers from the Italian student class as compared with the peasantry, and calls for a training that will form soldiers capable of timely rallying (*tempestivamente arrivare*) and impetuous fighting (*tempestuosamente combattere*). His chief reliance is upon the art of fencing, which he has ingeniously made applicable to teaching in classes (*metodo collettivo. schermistico*).

M. J. Cruppi's book on 'Linguet: un avocat journaliste au 18e siècle' (Paris: Hachette & Cie.) is a valuable contribution to the literature bearing on that period. Linguet himself is not a sympathetic personage, "a viper of the worst kind, a slanderous pamphleteer, a venal, snarling, evil-working barrister," but he was a power in his day, wielding an influence and enjoying a celebrity which have long since vanished. M. Cruppi has resurrected him and his times in a thick, closely printed book which amply repays perusal.

To those who are interested in the "Chat Noir," the "Âne Rouge," and other *cabarets artistiques* of that type, M. H. Valbel's 'Les Chansonniers et les cabarets artistiques' (Paris: Dentu) will be welcome. The story of each cabaret and of every composer and "artist" is told brightly and intelligently. The illustrations are apposite.

Hachette & Co. have brought out a new and revised edition of M. Ferdinand Brunetière's 'Les Époques du Théâtre-Français, 1636–1850.' The book has already been noticed in these columns, and its value is well known to every student of French literature.

That Könneck's 'Bilderatlas zur Geschichte der deutschen Nationallitteratur' has been appreciated is proved by the fact that the first edition of 6,000 copies has been for some time exhausted. The new edition, which has been appearing during the past year in *Lieferung* fashion, is improved in many respects, especially in the text accompanying the illustrations, which has been revised to date. Five hundred new pictures have been added. The whole work now contains 2,200 reproductions of the most varied kind, but all dealing in some way with the development of German literature. Particular attention has been given to the history of the drama from Roswitha down to the end of the classical period, and to the development of the theatre and stage devices. The 'Nibelungenlied' is emphasized by a specimen from every known manuscript or fragment of manuscript. Writers in other than purely literary lines are represented so far as they have been connected with literature. The gallery of authors' portraits is brought down to Sudermann and Hartmann. Facsimiles are abundant, showing the development of German script, printing, and illustration. Many of the portraits and autographs have been reproduced for the first time. The portraits of recent men are for the most part very satisfactory, but it seems as though better photographs could have been found of Heyse, Mommsen, and Scherer. In addition to the 2,200 illustrations, there are fourteen inserts with fine portraits of Luther, Hans Sachs, Goethe, Schiller, together with several colored reproductions from the Heidelberg 'Liederhandschrift.' The book is published in the large folio form (12x16 inches) of the former edition, at the low price of twenty-two marks, or twenty-eight marks if bound. It forms an excellent companion for any history of German literature, and should be in every library that pays any attention to this subject.

If we may judge of the two volumes of Gustav Holzmüller's 'Methodisches Lehrbuch der Elementar-Mathematik' (Leipzig: Teubner) by the present one, which seems to form a sort of supplement, they must be both pleasant and profitable. Taken by itself, this third part will be very useful to those who sometimes make use of mathematics without being accomplished mathematicians. It treats in a clear, simple, and fundamental way of projective geometry, stereometry, and the calculation of moments, spherical trigonometry, algebraical analysis, and equations of higher degrees; the whole in 224 pages.

The State Department at Washington has just issued, as a Bulletin of its Bureau of Rolls and Library, an index to the calendar of the correspondence of James Madison.

The thirteenth volume of the Collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society has reached us. It is the last of a triennial series. Henceforth a new volume will appear biennially. In the present instalment long and important articles, hitherto existing only in single manuscripts, are preserved. One of these, filling more than a hundred pages, relates to the holding of Wisconsin as a conquest or field of battle after peace had been concluded at Ghent December 24, 1814. Five months after that date, the British, still ignorant of the peace, attacked an American post. Sixty pages include the log-book of a canoe voyage from Detroit through Lake Superior to the Mississippi and down it to Prairie du Chien, which in 1820 took some three months. The census of the region in a pre-Territorial era has survived with so many personal names as to furnish a precious bead-roll for local genealogists. Two other papers, however, will be of more general interest. One deals with the Belgian immigration of 1853, and its growth to 20,000 persons—a history full of romantic vicissitudes. The other is on lead-mining and shot manufacture. Lead had as much to do with the settlement of Wisconsin as codfish with the colonization of Massachusetts. Lead, too, was a potent factor in uniting the Southerners who brought slaves into mines along the Mississippi with free-State men on Lake Michigan. Besides, it turned the current of transportation from the great river and New Orleans to the great lakes, the Erie Canal, and, later, the iron rivers eastward that never freeze or dry up.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society has published as volume eight of its Collections the History of Halifax City, by the late Dr. Thomas B. Akins. It is a reprint of a paper published in 1847, with much additional matter, and covers a period of about seventy years from the settlement in 1749. A treasury of facts, many of them quaint, it contains, besides the annals of the city, biographical sketches, descriptions of streets and buildings, and valuable lists of early settlers. In another volume are papers upon the voyages of the Cabots, the towns of Louisbourg and Onslow, together with an entertaining account of an early Attorney-General of the Province, R. J. Uniacke.

D. B. Updike, 6 Beacon Street, Boston (The Merrymount Press), has arranged with G. Napier & Co., Birmingham, for an American edition of the *Quest* magazine, of which a new series began with the December number of 1895. This periodical is an apostle of bookmaking (including illustration) in the spirit of William Morris and the Kelmscott Press, and deserves attention from those who are interested in the movement directed by that artist Socialist, and still more in what may permanently come of it.

Biddeford, Maine, is not exactly the soil out of which one might expect a Franco-American *Figaro* to spring and blossom; but French Canadians are not unknown in Maine any more than in the rest of New England, and M. Urbain J. Ledoux issued his comic monthly in December last with an eye to support in all parts of the United States and Canada. Contributions to it, he gives notice, must be "inédites, humoristiques, et surtout morales," and there is nothing in the first number that goes counter to this standard of excellence. There is a woman's page and a children's page.

With the first of December last the Paris *Figaro* changed its form, becoming a six-page paper. The Wednesday and Saturday supplements have been suppressed, and the critical and literary articles which used to appear in them will now be found in the daily edition. Forain continues his biting series of sketches, "Doux Pays," and to him has been added Caran d'Ache as a regular Monday contributor. The *Figaro* in other ways, too, shows much improvement. M. Alphonse Daudet leads off in a feuilleton, and M. Paul Bourget follows him worthily in some admirable memories of the end of the Commune, "Pendant la Bataille." Nothing better-observed or more directly and forcibly told has been written about this often-described period. It is delightful to find M. Bourget reminding the world that he possesses qualities as a writer which he did not permit to appear in his later studies of erotic hysteria.

In his address to the students at the opening of the lectures of the faculty of letters in the Sorbonne, M. E. Lavisse spoke with enthusiasm of the new departure under which diplomas for advanced work in history and geography were for the first time given *by the faculty* to thirteen students in June last. He dwelt upon the important results to be expected from these independent studies in the history and geography of France, and in other fields to which the system will no doubt be extended. Already the faculty of letters have decided upon the establishment of a special library for the collection of these treatises. Another consequence of the new plan will be what amounts to a sort of university extension, in so far as it will stimulate persons outside of the regular university course in the provinces as well as in Paris, including foreign students, to special labor in lines of study in which they are interested; for, a bachelor's degree not being requisite to obtain the diploma, "il suffit de travailler." The speaker also referred to the new regulation for the examination for the master's degree (*licence ès lettres*) to be instituted this year. It consists in allowing the various faculties, within certain limits, to determine the material for examinations—to choose, *e. g.*, the authors to be submitted to candidates—whereas heretofore the programmes have been identical for all France. Add to these a third innovation, viz., greater freedom in the choice of studies for university students, and the tendency towards educational decentralization in France becomes evident.

The last word of educational reform comes from Hungary, whose Liberal ministry has issued a decree which provides for the admission of properly qualified women to the Universities of Buda Pesth and Klausenburg (founded 1872), and which duly authorizes the training of women "for the professions of teachers in se-

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condary female schools, as physicians for women and children, and as dispensing druggists."

The committee of the Hebdomadal Council, Oxford, England, which is expected to report this term on the subject of university degrees for women, has received, among other favorable memorials, two from representative educational bodies, the Girls' Public School Company, whose petition was signed by 34 out of a total of 36 head-mistresses, and the Church Schools Company, 18 of whose 24 head-mistresses signed the memorial.

Non-collegiate graduate study has taken a new departure in the London School of Economics, under the joint control of the Chamber of Commerce and the Society of Arts. This school opened lately with over 200 students, men and women employed in mercantile offices, in Government and municipal civil service, and as teachers, journalists, and high-grade craftsmen. The classes are in economics, commercial and industrial law, taxation, political science, and commercial history and geography.

It appears from the Milan *Corriere della Sera* that Baccelli, Minister of Public Instruction after a long absence from official life—in the course of which he isolated the Roman Pantheon and inscribed on it in bronze letters *Agrippa fecit*—refuses to sanction the teachings of excavations made four years ago at the base of the rotunda. These revealed a marble pavement much lower than the present one, and the foundations of a rectangular temple, built by Agrippa, upon which Hadrian, more than a century afterward, erected the rotunda. There was recently exhibited at the Istituto di Belle Arti a fine array of drawings made most carefully after the excavations, and proving to a demonstration this double construction upon the swampy site of the Pantheon. But the Minister will not undo his inscription.

—Among the purely literary articles in the current number of the *Atlantic*, Miss Repplier's "Fête de Gayant" more than holds its own in style and finish of expression, while as a matter of fact her skill in the difficult art of essay-writing is a better proof of the mental power of her sex than that "vainglorious" assertion of which she again takes the opportunity to emphasize her disapproval. Dr. Birkbeck Hill's article, to which the Johnson Club supplies a title and a connecting thread, is leisurely, formless, and attractive. "One of Hawthorne's Unprinted Note-Books" will probably be interesting to the general reader chiefly as an example of the ordinary material for observation out of which men of imagination have been able to make their extraordinary creations. On the practical side, John R. Proctor's "Emancipation of the Post-office" contains a clear outline of what every intelligent reader should know about the important extension of the merit system made on the 8th of November last, when the President signed the order which opens the way for inclusion within civil-service rules of the minor or fourth-class post-offices, where "the spoils system has had its greatest stronghold." "Josiah Flynt" has told before sad facts concerning the "Children of the Road," but not so systematically as here; neither has he elsewhere indicated so clearly the duty of legislation to protect the most impressionable of children from "desperadoism" thrust upon them "from the shop windows through the picture-covered dime novels and the flaring faces of the *Police Gazette*," nor so convincingly pointed out the "rare usefulness" that awaits gifted young men and women, such as now fill the University Settlements, whenever they are ready to apply themselves to the scientific management of reformatories, where at present, under raw and untrained hands, many children take their first serious lessons in vice.

—For readers who prefer, to the study of human nature in the mass, impressions of unique individualities that distinctly detach themselves from the mass, the best pages of the January *Scribner's* will be the few in which Augustine Birrell describes the late Frederick Locker, or Locker Lampson. Mr. Locker was the possessor of a delicately accentuated personality, the mere unjarred preservation of which is an appreciable service in a dull world, and Mr. Birrell has done well in approaching him from this side, rather than from that of his considerable actual achievement as a writer of accomplished *vers de société*. Probably Mr. Locker was never seen to greater advantage than in his private library at Rowfant, Sussex, modestly exhibiting his famous collection of rare books, and Mr. Birrell will find cordial response to his sentiment, "Woe worth the day when they come to be scattered over half the town." A second paper in the number invites attention to the pleasures and dangers of tobogganing in the Engadine, where the humble local method of winter locomotion was first elevated to the dignity of a sport by the late John Addington Symonds, at Davos, in 1883. Tobogganing now ranks as an art among its votaries, with rival English and American claims to championship, and with headquarters at St. Moritz, where the remarkable "Cresta run" is a feat of skilful engineering in snow and ice. Reproductions from instantaneous photographs give a capital idea of the headlong speed with which riders make the descent of this run, while the anonymous author of the paper brings to bear on his subject every qualification that is needed to give it interest and importance. In "Water-Ways from the Ocean to the Lakes" Thomas Curtis Clarke makes conservative opposition to Government expenditure for a ship canal between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic, and presses the argument that steel barges, the electric trolley, and Niagara Falls dynamos will, with the proposed deepening to nine feet of the Erie Canal, afford all needed commercial facilities.

—An article in *Harper's* by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury exposes first the mortifying shabbiness of our educational equipment at Annapolis, and next supports the view, which in any country but our own would not be open to discussion outside the limits of a schoolboy debating club, that "it ought to be the aim of the nation to attract to the Naval Academy the very flower of its youth who are fitted by nature and inclination to enter the naval service." The reasons that make this last a practical and not an academic question are the low standard of admission and the system of apportionment by Congressional districts. The percentage of failures to pass the entrance examinations, notwithstanding their incredible disparity with those of civilian institutions, and the percentage of failures to graduate, compared likewise with the percentages of other institutions, furnish eloquent comment on the wisdom of the low standard and on the judgment of Congressmen in selecting their candidates. The writer of the article, a member of the Board of Visitors of 1895, is, however, not blind to the fact that Congress has something better to do than remedy faults in the training of youths to an important national service. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are almost equally happy in their united picturing and describing of the Metropolitan and District Railways of London. Mrs. Pennell, beside giving useful statistics, remembers to sympathize with the feelings of a novice in the underground labyrinth. Her remark that "the marvel is that the artist has but just discovered the underground," may excite painful apprehensions of realistic and impressionist canvases on the walls of future exhibitions; but her own use of darkness, steam, and flaming posters, in producing a picture of the lines, is restrained and effective. Prof. Woodrow Wilson contributes a somewhat florid historical study of the making of men and manners in colonial Virginia, and William Black continues the serial "Briseis."

—Readers of an earlier number of the *Century* (the June issue) will this month be glad to be introduced again, by Thomas A. Janvier, to the company of the Félibres, of whom Mr. Janvier has the honor to be enrolled as one. A boatload of Provençal poets, with their colleagues in other arts, en route for their biennial festival of the Sainte-Estelle, is as frankly joyous an assemblage of returning exiles as modern life can show. In describing their journey from Lyons to Avignon, with triumphal stoppages at Tournon and Valence, Mr. Janvier falls in with the genial temper of the occasion, writing in a vivid style which proves fully adequate to the favorable auspices under which it has been his good fortune to see the banks of the Rhône. The illustrations to this article, by Louis Loeb, have both character and grace. Marion Crawford's "Kaleidoscope of Rome" is an article of the automatic type of production; while less easily turned in phrase, but probably more profitable reading, is C. G. Borchgrevink's narrative of personal adventure in skirting the antarctic continent, where a first landing was made in January, 1895, from the Norwegian whaler *Antarctic*. Commercially the expedition is pronounced a failure, but its importance in emphasizing the possibility of extended exploration, through the agency of steam, cannot yet be adequately estimated. "Responsibility among the Chinese" is a brief paper, full of data for the social student who is striving to adjust measures of individual and official responsibility. With a system of locating responsibility for public and private offences that puts our own laxness to the blush, the Chinese are nevertheless living witnesses to the suspicion and barbarous lack of mutual helpfulness that are the outcome of a rigid and unreasonable personal accountability. We commend to Southern governors striving to suppress lynching by assessing the costs on the community, the Chinese example here cited of holding the merchants of a *street* responsible for a theft committed upon it.

—The third volume of the Berlin *Pan* shows but little left to recommend the periodical. As an example of book-making, it fails utterly. Its ample proportions (it is a large folio) and thick paper merely emphasize this failure. There is absolutely no feeling for the beauty or the harmony of the page. Various types are used, with apparently no good reason to account for the discord they create. An occasional page is decorated—or disfigured, we might almost say—by an enclosing border that has no special relation to it, and betrays on the part of the designer a striving after the strange or the mystic or the eccentric, rather than honest decorative intention. The same tendency to be striking at any cost, the same disregard of beauty, characterizes many of the

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full-page illustrations as well. Once it was the artist's game in life to do something good: now it is to devise something new, and his efforts here are undeniably irritating. Even M. Toulouse-Lautrec, in a lithograph printed in color, seems to be sacrificing the simplicity that once was the charm of his work, to the grotesque and to the self-conscious cult of ugliness. Even Khnopff threatens to sink his individuality, often so delightful, in the endeavor to copy the pre-Raphaelites, whom Belgian and French writers are now busy extolling. For the contributions that have legitimate claim to artistic merit you must turn to the woodcuts after Mr. Frederick Sandys, first published in *Once a Week* and some of the other English illustrated magazines that saw their greatest days between 1860 and 1870. When the modern phenomenon is not forthcoming, giants of earlier generations are pressed into service. The reproductions of Besnard also have their interest, though there are few painters whose work fares less well in black-and-white. A good piece of color printing by Gerhard Munthe, really the best thing in the number, a full-page in *chiaroscuro* by Franz Naager, and an excellent head by Peter Halm should also be mentioned.

—The meeting of the American Psychological Association in Philadelphia during the holidays was a notable one, chiefly because it was the first joint meeting with the American Naturalists. The psychologists have not affiliated with the naturalists formally, but their meeting with them this year was so evidently to their advantage that it may well be their settled policy hereafter. The *rapprochement* between psychology and biology was celebrated in a special way on Saturday morning (December 28), when the whole half-day was given up to a set discussion on "Consciousness and Evolution," in which well-known speakers on both sides took part. The size of the audience and the presence of representatives from other societies showed the general interest the topic aroused. The speakers for biology were Prof. Cope of Philadelphia and Prof. Minot of Boston, and the psychologists on the programme were Prof. James of Harvard and Prof. Baldwin of Princeton. Besides these, others also spoke from the floor, notably Prof. Ladd of Yale and Prof. Strong of Chicago. In all the speeches the reality of the alliance between the two branches of inquiry was abundantly evident, and this may be made clearer from the mere statement of two positions which seemed to be assumed by the speakers generally. In the first place, there seemed to be no question in any one's mind as to the application of the evolution doctrine to consciousness. It was taken for granted that genetic psychology sets a problem of race growth in the same way that genetic or evolutionary biology does; and secondly, it was about equally clear from the utterances of the two biologists and of one at least of the psychologists (Prof. Baldwin), that the two sciences are coming to think that their historical ground is common in all its extent, *i. e.*, that consciousness is coordinate with life. Two important steps were taken by the psychologists looking toward enlarged activity. A committee was appointed to consider the matter of formulating a series of mental and physical tests to be made on students in the colleges—the idea being to secure material for practical utility to the teaching profession, and also to reach scientific results of a statistical kind. The other move was made in the direction of forming a section for philosophical discussion. This latter matter, however, was left in the hands of the executive council for report at the next meeting. Abstracts of the proceedings, together with the debate on "Consciousness and Evolution" in full, are to appear in the *Psychological Review* for March.

—The eleventh annual meeting of the American Historical Association was held at Washington on December 26 and 27, and was attended by many representative historians and professors of history from all parts of the country. At the opening session Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, President of the Association, delivered his inaugural address. His subject was "Popular Discontent with Representative Government," and in the course of his remarks he took occasion to rebuke the tendency of some modern writers to exaggerate the weak points of American institutions and to depreciate the characters and services of the great men of the past. At the second session, on the morning of the 27th, many papers were read upon American colonial and political history, among them a scholarly monograph by Prof. W. H. Siebert of the Ohio State University, entitled "Light on the Underground Railway." The afternoon session was devoted to papers on European history, and the evening session to papers of general interest. Among the latter may be selected for special commendation the paper by Dr. Frederic Bancroft of Columbia College, on "The French in Mexico, and the Monroe Doctrine." The fact that Seward made no mention at all of the Monroe Doctrine during his correspondence with the French Government was clearly proved, and Dr. Bancroft evoked the only round of applause during the evening by his incidental remark that the Monroe Doctrine was better understood in the days of Seward than it is now. After the reading of the papers some important resolutions, having for their aim the promotion and encouragement of historical work, were submitted to the members present by the Executive Council and unanimously adopted. It was resolved to institute an Historical Manuscripts Commission for the preparation or supervision of a calendar of original manuscripts and records of national interest relating to the colonial and later history of the United States. It was voted to offer a prize of $100 for the best monograph, based upon original investigation in history, submitted to the Council during the coming year, university dissertations excluded, and to print the five or six monographs thus submitted if of an approved degree of excellence. It was also voted to establish a gold prize-medal of the value of $100, to be awarded at suitable intervals for the best work of research in history published in this country through the ordinary channels of publication. The proceedings closed with the election of Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn as President of the Association for the ensuing year; of Dr. James Schouler of Boston and of Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale as Vice-Presidents; of Prof. Herbert B. Adams of Johns Hopkins University as Secretary; of Dr. Clarence W. Bowen of New York as Treasurer; and of Prof. George B. Adams of Yale, Dr. G. Brown Goode of Washington, Prof. H. Morse Stephens of Cornell, and Prof. F. J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin, as members of the Executive Council. It was resolved to hold the next meeting of the Association in New York on December 29 to 31, 1896. Advantage was taken of the meeting of the Association to call together the guarantors of the new *American Historical Review*, when entire satisfaction was expressed with the work already done, and the former board of editors was re-elected. As upon previous occasions, the social side of the meeting was most successful. The Cosmos Club of Washington extended the privileges of membership to the visitors, and much pleasant intercourse took place within its hospitable walls between the historical students from all parts of the United States who had the good fortune to be present at the eleventh annual meeting of the American Historical Association.

—An almost unexampled sight in literature, and surely one of the strangest and saddest, is the publication of the posthumous works of a living man. This is being shown to the world by Naumann, the Leipzig publisher, who has just sent out the first two volumes of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, 'Schriften und Einwürfe (1869–1876).' The tragic story of Nietzsche's long agony has been told lately by M. Téodor de Wyzewa in the *Temps*. Seven years ago he began to be affected by a general paralysis. He was at first sent to a *maison de santé*, but afterward was taken back to his paternal home, where he has been cared for by his mother and sister. Little by little his mind and even his reason have faded out, and he has sunk beneath the level of the lower animals. Until lately, although he had become dumb and all thought was extinct in him, still he was able to walk about, and to sit at table, and when his name was spoken he would sometimes look up. Now the last ray of intelligence is gone, and what was once one of the keenest and strongest philosophic minds of our day is *merum silentium*. A group of his admirers and disciples have gathered in the little city where he still breathes, and are devoting themselves to the pious work of maintaining and spreading abroad his fame. Under the direction of his sister, Mrs. Elisabeth Foerster, they have founded at Naumburg a sort of academy, or institute, the Archives-Nietzsche, where they occupy themselves in collecting, arranging, and publishing all the papers left by their unhappy master; in watching over the republication of his books; and in gathering materials for a complete and definitive biography of him. The two volumes the title of which has just been given are the first fruits of their work—two great volumes of five hundred pages each, where are to be found gathered together and put in chronological order fragments of unfinished works, sketches, and notes that date from the first years of the sojourn of Nietzsche at the University of Bâle. It is a pious work, certainly, that these ardent disciples are engaged in, and a pathetic work—none the less pathetic, perhaps, when one reflects how much wood and hay and stubble they must be gathering up together with the grains of Nietzsche's gold.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The Novels, Travels, Essays, and Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Thistle Edition. In sixteen volumes. New York: Scribners. 1895.

THE appearance of two sumptuous editions of Stevenson's collected works in a single year brings up the inevitable inquiry, How many of these volumes will live? To "appreciate," as the phrase goes now, a writer of one's own time is undoubtedly, in most cases, to store up merriment for the time to come. Still, the question is pertinacious and may reckon on getting its answers, hit or miss. Without addressing ourselves to it directly, we shall perhaps do well, in a rapid review of some points in Stevenson's literary activity, to keep it in mind

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as a steadying influence. Some such check is needful, apparently, in discussing Stevenson, not only because he is in himself so attractive as a writer and as a man, but because everybody is so grateful to him for leading his generation away from the aridities of "realism." Admiration and gratitude are his just due, but they have of late been uttered in a somewhat dithyrambic measure.

In two characters has Stevenson endeared himself to his contemporaries—as a romancer and (*sit venia verbi*) as an egotist. In his rôle of amiable egotist (not *Montaigne* egotist, however, if the reader pleases) he has given us an account of a matter closely connected with the question of his literary permanence—we refer to the formation of his style. From this account, frank with something of a doctrinaire's candor, we learn that this artful and exquisite diction, which some do not scruple to say has evoked new harmonies from our language, was in inception and elaboration essentially bookish. It was formed by a long process of tentative imitations, each abandoned when it had served its turn, but all, of course, leaving their traces on the finished product. We learn, also, from later and casual utterances, that expression remained to the last with Stevenson the conscious, almost the self-conscious, practice of a complicated handicraft. To the last he felt keen pleasure in the clever collocation of syllables, in point, in the quaint or unusual turning of a phrase, in felicitous jingle (it is his own word, so that we need not ask pardon for it). "I am discontented with 'The Ebb Tide,'" he wrote to Mr. Colvin, "there seems such a veil of words over it; and I like more and more naked writing; and yet sometimes one has a longing for full color and there comes the veil again." In judging this whole matter it would be stupid not to reckon with the Stevensonian irony; it would be doubly stupid to forget that the most mannered of styles may be or may have become the natural vehicle for the expression of a quaint but unaffected nature. But, when all deductions have been made on these heads, thus much remains indubitable: the style of Stevenson was as truly a *made* style as the style of Spenser, and it carries, in many of his works, as distinct characters of its making. *Poseur* has odious connotations, and besides it says more than one can possibly mean; but, if some such term could be so sublimated as to lose its drossy and offensive qualities, it might serve us here. Better, perhaps, to take refuge in the delicate reticence of a phrase of Mr. Colvin's—"a slender, boyish presence, with a graceful, somewhat fantastic bearing, and a singular power and attraction in the eyes and smile." Written of Stevenson's personal appearance in youth, the words admit of easy transference to the style of almost everything of his that preceded 'Treasure Island.'

Fond as we may be of the travels and essays that Stevenson wrote before he reached this turning-point in his career, we are forced to admit that they are 'prentice-work after all. The three American volumes, 'The Amateur Emigrant,' 'Across the Plains,' and 'The Silverado Squatters,' are interesting as autobiography, but the most ardent worshipper of Stevenson will hardly claim a place for them in literature. 'The Inland Voyage' (1878), with all its beauties, is manifestly labored, and has too much immature moralizing about nothing in particular. 'The Travels with a Donkey' (1879) has been described as "charmingly vagabondish"; but vagabonds do not post up their note-books at each day's end. "For my part," says the donkey's master, "I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly, to come down off this feather-bed of civilization and find the globe granite under foot and strewn with cutting flints." But the landlady at Bouchet knew better, for she sketched what the traveller was to put into his book when he got home: "Whether people harvest or not in such or such a place; if there were forests; studies of manners; what, for example, I and the master of the house say to you; the beauties of Nature, and all that." A keen-eyed hostess, who understood the young writer a thought better, perhaps, than he understood himself.

'Virginibus Puerisque' (1874–1879) is clever to distraction, but self-conscious altogether. The *advocatus juventutis* may command, for a time, the delighted attention of all who are not past five-and-twenty, whether in fact or heart; but, without upholding the old paradox that "youth can be comely but by pardon," we must admit, however reluctantly, that the author was right in his judgment of these papers. The point of view is maintained with some effort; the interest is ephemeral; the style is completely enjoyable by those only who have a fancy for the smell of the lamp. Of similarly transient interest are the early critical and biographical essays that make up a large part of the volume of 'Familiar Portraits.' Stevenson was both too impulsive and too ethical to be a great critic, nor had he in any degree the judicial temper. Besides, all criticism except the greatest is a very transitory form of writing.

If these early works live, it must be by virtue of the amiable personality which they reveal, and in this regard they have a powerful rival in the familiar letters. These, so far as they have been published, promise to express that personality without the veil of lamp-haze—perfumed or not—which shrouds (however faintly) the essays and travels.

Is it not significant that, in Stevenson's last period, when he was fully committed to the exercise of his genius in its truest activity, he found sketches of travel impossible? His friends had hoped, we are told, for such an account of what they called his Odyssey in Polynesia as should reproduce, in terms of his greater maturity, the charm of the 'Inland Voyage.' But the 'South Sea Letters' turned out mere journalism, with which neither he nor they were contented. Yet out of this hopeless struggle to write in a manner long outlived and hardly worth recovering, came of a sudden and almost without reflection what is, in spite of one or two obvious defects, almost as good a story as ever was written—'The Beach of Falesá.' It is not hard to see what this means. Sketch-book travels were mere training. The business of Stevenson's life was romance. And when he was once engaged in the business of his life, he could not turn back and play the clever apprentice. This was as it should have been, and nothing is made for the honor of a great genius by insisting on the eternal quality of his juvenile attempts.

As the 'Travels' and 'Virginibus Puerisque' were but essays of an apprentice, so also of the tales written in this preparatory time—the collection called 'The New Arabian Nights' (1878), 'The Pavilion on the Links' (1880), and 'The Story of a Lie' (1879). In 'The New Arabian Nights' Stevenson plays with incidents and characters as in 'Virginibus Puerisque' and the 'Travels' he played with style and moral reflections and scenery. One does not feel that the story is the thing—it is rather the cleverness of the story that is the thing; and, though the cleverness is unsurpassable, it never rises into imagination. The characters, with one or perhaps two exceptions, are marionettes—as Stevenson himself felt them to be—and the scenery is bizarre. We are dealing with the sportive athletics of a great romantic talent as yet undeveloped. 'The Pavilion on the Links' comes nearer to serious art, especially in the portion that precedes the arrival of the *Carbonari*, but the motive of the tale is strained and the dénouement ill-managed. As for 'The Story of a Lie,' it is a sketch of no great consequence, written in a style as nearly faultless as is vouchsafed to man, but with a rather clumsily precipitated catastrophe. The provincial editor who is forced into the part of *deus ex machina* reminds one, by his mechanical fashion of playing it, of the Scotch uncle in 'The Wrecker,' who dies in the nick of time, and of the opportune but unaccountable blackamoor in 'The Merry Men.' We are not sure that the theatrical Attwood in 'The Ebb Tide' has not associations with the same troop of amateurs, though his characterization shows all the power of Stevenson's later manner. The tiresome Secundra Dass in 'The Master of Ballantrae' is certainly a runaway from the same company.

In 'Treasure Island,' then, Stevenson had at last got into the true path of his genius, and no critic can perceive this more clearly than he perceived it himself. Here for the first time his style ceased to bear the marks of artificiality, gaining enormously in vigor without losing anything of its subtle charm. Here for the first time he showed that he could treat the incidents of a story seriously—otherwise, that is to say, than as the squibs and fireworks of a pretty wit. Nothing could have been more fortunate than the circumstances under which 'Treasure Island' was produced. It was meant for boys, and the hero, who speaks in the first person, is himself a boy. Now boys are singularly and even unreasonably intolerant of posturing or "manner." Without affectation themselves, they are satanically keen in detecting it in others. Even fitting cleverness, unless "craftily qualified," appears to them, in their sturdy barbarism, a highly suspicious trait, and verbal cleverness is downright unbearable. A wholesome control was thus exercised over the style of the romance. Again, the tale had to depend for its main interest on bare incident, and this requisite not only acted salutarily on the style, but kept down Stevenson's innate tendency to moralizing and to playing with character delineation. And, finally, no freakishness of incident was admissible. Verisimilitude is rigorously demanded by a boy—above all in such weighty concerns as pirates and hidden treasure. These subjects are not to be handled with levity; there must be no suspicion of a wink at the audience. All this Stevenson knew as well as anybody, for he comprehended a boy's nature thoroughly; indeed, in some things he never ceased to be a boy himself, albeit a boy "with a graceful and somewhat fantastic bearing." Besides, there was his dramatic sense—the instinct of putting himself in the place of his characters. There was also the presence of the elder Stevenson, who made the tale so real that he insisted on drawing up the inventory of Bones's estate in the sea-chest—a very salutary presence indeed.

For all these reasons the book wrote itself easily—"it flowed from me like small talk"; and, looking back on his exploit after twenty years, the author hardly perceived that the

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question of style had entered into its composition. Henceforward, apparently, the coast was clear. That exquisite diction, so easily beguiled into airy quaintness when the author chose to write about trifles, that almost uncanny skill in the technique of narration which had often betrayed him into mere fantasia, had only to be kept under the control imposed by the requirements of a long story. Almost the perfection of art in both respects was reached in 'Kidnapped' (1886). The tale is nearly as good as a tale can be, and the style seems so inevitable that we are staggered to remember what years of elaborating toil it had cost. Still, the time between 'Treasure Island' and 'Kidnapped' was a period of uncertainty. 'Prince Otto' (1885), despite its intangible charm, could not be taken seriously. It reverted to the admirable fooling of 'The New Arabian Nights,' nor is the mention of Prince Florizel of Bohemia without significance. Stevenson himself says that the book was "half play." 'The Dynamiter' (1883) is a frank return to extravaganza. 'The Black Arrow' (1883) is mere task-work, Stevenson's one flat failure: the trouble was that he had no real comprehension or enjoyment of the period with which the book deals.

'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' despite the unifying effect of its strong and serious art, bears unmistakable testimony to what we have vaguely called the uncertainty of this middle period. The book is at once an apologue, a wonder-story, and a genuine romantic fiction of a high type. Fables are out of fashion, and we should prefer, therefore, to call 'Dr. Jekyll' a psychological fiction; but this would be mere juggling with names. 'Markheim' is openly an apologue, and 'Dr. Jekyll' carries as patent and intentional a moral as 'Markheim.' The curiously comparative might even construct a form of proportion with the nineteenth century and 'Dr. Jekyll' on one side and on the other the eighteenth century and 'The Vision of Mirzah.' The plot itself combines extravaganza with serious romance. In those parts in which the work is genuine and impressive, 'Dr. Jekyll' marks a high state of Stevenson's romantic power. The weak point, at once detected by the critics, is a mere bit of fantastic detail, worked into the inmost structure of the fiction. We refer to the chemical hocus-pocus—a desperate expedient, not quite consistently carried out. The fact is, the author was in difficulties much like those which beset him in 'The Beach of Falesá.' For the latter he had conceived, in a flash, while at work in the Samoan bush, a plot requiring a large concession to the supernatural, but the reality of his characters and the verity of the romantic principles that he wished to follow forbade his cutting the knot of the story in this fashion. After some delay and a moment of real despair, he hit upon a simple device. He kept the supernatural, but reduced it to a complicated course of knavish trickery on the part of the villain of the piece. This was probably well, for the genuine supernatural would be intolerable in 'The Beach,' and, in any case, the *élan* of the narrative hurries one over the dangerous place. In 'Dr. Jekyll,' however, no such device was possible. The transformation had to be a fact; and accordingly the impossible was dared. The trick of "transcendental medicine" was perhaps the only trick that would do the business, but it was a poor trick. Jekyll changing into Hyde in his sleep, he knows not how, is terrific; Jekyll taking the draught is not even impressive. One wishes that the means of the transformation had been left unexplained. But this was not Stevenson's way. He is habitually complaisant to the reader who "wants to know"—witness the epilogue to 'Prince Otto,' in which the history of the characters is drained to the very tea-dregs. In spite of this single weakness, however, 'Dr. Jekyll' remains unsurpassed in its kind. Its popularity is unequivocal, but we doubt if most readers care much for the chemicals.

With the appearance of 'Kidnapped' the uncertain time was over. The history of Stevenson's activity between 1881 and 1886 had made it clear that his permanent contribution to literature was not to be criticism, or vagabondizing, or fantasias in style or in narration—these were but the small talk of his genius—but serious romantic fiction of a high imaginative type. His own views, as expressed in "A Gossip on Romance" and "A Humble Remonstrance," form a sound Romantic creed, and he brought to his task a style which no English novelist has surpassed. It is superfluous to insist on the merits of 'Kidnapped.' With its sequel or second part, 'David Balfour' (1893), it is undoubtedly Stevenson's best book, and much of his inferior work will "live with the eternity of its fame." The second part suffers a little from the usual malady of continuations, but it has its own peculiar merits, too. The author, who had for the most part a pretty correct idea of the comparative excellence of his writings, wrote, not long before he died: "I believe the two together make up much the best of my work and perhaps of what is in me." The temptation to compare the adventures of David with some of the Waverley Novels is hard to resist; but the utility of such a comparison is not apparent. So far as it has been attempted, the result seems to be merely that Stevenson reached a kind of perfection in detail for which Scott never strove, and that, in addition, some scenes and characters in Stevenson are not unworthy of the great master, but that in those indefinable qualities which we vaguely suggest by the words "breadth" and "greatness" Scott still stands without a rival. The fact is, the hour for such a parallel has not yet come. By the middle of the next century, men may perhaps look at both writers from a sufficient distance of time to measure their comparative eminence. At present, Scott's supremacy in romantic fiction appears to be almost as unassailable as Shakspere's supremacy in dramatic poetry. It is not sufficient, however, to observe that Stevenson withholds his hand from great historical characters. This seems to be a rather artificial test of power, nor is it certain that Stevenson would not have succeeded as well with such characters as with his David or his Alan Breck, to say nothing of Prestongrange or Cluny Macpherson. True, his work fell off after the appearance of 'Kidnapped'; but this, too, is not decisive of what he might have done if he had lived. It must not be forgotten that 'David Balfour' and 'The Beach of Falesá,' which are hardly inferior to 'Kidnapped,' were written shortly before his death, and that he left behind him the unfinished 'Weir of Hermiston,' which Mr. Colvin rates very highly.

The stories that followed 'Kidnapped' and preceded 'David Balfour' did undeniably show some falling off. 'The Master of Ballantrae' is not uniformly good. Up to the moment when the old lord is wakened by Mackellar to hear the news of the duel, the tale is not surpassed in power by any other of Stevenson's romances. But this duel is the climax of the tale. The resuscitation at the end is a false climax. The Master has returned from parts unknown too often—so often as to suggest trivial comparisons—and, at the end, in spite of the art with which the closing scene is written, the thought intrudes itself that, after all, the chief point is the perversity of the Master, who is determined to come back to his reluctant family, even from the grave. The whole of this second part is a recurrence to the fantastic. The Master working as a botcher reminds one of Prince Florizel behind the counter of the cigar-divan, and there are other points of contact between these essentially incongruous characters. The story should have ended with the duel, even if it had remained a fragment. In this way we should also have been rid of Secundra Dass, about whose genuineness we have our suspicions; certainly he was but an amateur at the fakir's trick of burying a man alive.

'The Wrecker' (1891) and 'The Ebb Tide' (1893) are closely associated, not only by the coöperation of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne in both, but by certain painful resemblances. Both are powerfully interesting, but both give the impression of misapplied strength. 'The Wrecker' is by no means a unit, and the reader feels some indignation at being forced to sympathize with the crew of murderers who are the heroes of the main adventure. Carthew, with all he had on his conscience, need not have selected the commercial Topelius for special favor. As for 'The Ebb Tide,' it is just what Stevenson once called it—"a rancid yarn," with perhaps the worst ending that ever a story had.

Of the rest of Stevenson's works we need not speak. His verses entitle him to rank among the minor poets; the Samoan book, the 'Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin,' and the plays written with Mr. Henley consumed precious time which posterity will begrudge. "I am not a novelist alone," said Stevenson in his account of the writing of 'Treasure Island.' "But I am well aware that my paymaster, the great public, regards what else I have written with indifference, if not aversion." The language was too strong, but it had its basis of truth. It was as a novelist (or romancer) alone that his really great work was done, and it was in that capacity that the world was looking eagerly for still greater works from his pen when his sudden death came as a calamity to our letters and a personal loss to thousands who knew the man only in his books.

The present edition consists of sixteen volumes—eleven for the novels and tales, four for the essays, and one for the poems: 'Samoa,' 'Fleeming Jenkin,' and the dramas are excluded. In mechanical execution it is a model to publishers. The volumes are light and easy to hold; the paper is fine, dead-white, and opaque; the typography (by De Vinne) is admirable, the types being well designed and thick enough in their lines to give an effect of blackness and distinctness very agreeable to tired eyes. Each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure or etching. That prefixed to vol. xiii. is a copy of an excellent photograph of the author by Notman. Of the others, Mr. Pyle's illustration of Alan Breck's defence of the cabin is particularly spirited. We could wish that the concluding volume contained a list of the original dates of publication, since these are not, as in the Edinburgh edition, given at the head of each separate work. The cloth binding is rather profusely gilded, but that is a detail easily remedied. The edition is sold only by subscription, and the price is remarkably low.

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LORD ACTON.

A Lecture on the Study of History, delivered at Cambridge June 11, 1895. By Lord Acton, LL.D., D.C.L., Regius Professor of Modern History. Macmillan. Pp. 142.

THE newly appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge is one of the most interesting figures in English society. The old Catholic gentry of England have honorable and pathetic traditions of loyalty to a lost cause which give them a place apart from the humdrum conformities of neighboring squires; and from such a family in Shropshire is Lord Acton descended. When the time came, these Catholic gentry were faithful, from interest and sentiment, to that other lost cause, the Stuart monarchy; and it was from Charles I. that an ancestor of Lord Acton received his baronetcy. And to these family memories have been added others equally remote from the commonplace. His grandfather was prime minister and commander-in chief of the forces of Naples under the Bonapartes; his father married the heiress of that Duke of Dalberg who throve on the favor of the first Napoleon, acted as his go-between with the court of Vienna, and abandoned him with the turn of the tide; his cousins have been generals and ministers, or have married generals and ministers, for the last half-century of Italian history.

Out of such a family one might look either for a *dévot* or a diplomat. That Lord Acton is neither, must be ascribed to the fortunate chance or wise choice which brought him in his early years under the influence and into the companionship of Dr. Döllinger, then at the height of his reputation at Munich. Döllinger's teaching made of him a scholar and a liberal, and it is said to have been Lord Acton who organized the opposition in Rome and Germany in 1870 to the acceptance of papal infallibility by the Vatican Council; and when his friend Mr. Gladstone—from whom he had received his peerage in 1869—attacked somewhat later "the Vatican decrees," Lord Acton boldly placed himself by his side. He has remained within the Roman communion; the strength of family tradition has probably kept him from joining in the heroic but hopeless old Catholic movement, but his intellectual attitude towards the church of his fathers on the one hand, and, on the other, towards the world of free historical investigation in which he habitually lives, has continued to present a curious psychological enigma. As Browning makes one of his shrewdest characters remark,

> Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things";

and Lord Acton draws to himself the same sort of curious attention as Mr. Mivart.

Lord Acton had long been known for his extensive acquaintance with historical literature when, in 1886, he contributed the opening article, on "German Schools of History," to the first number of the *English Historical Review*. Of that unique piece of work—those forty-six pages of brilliant characterization and comment, bristling with epigram, caviare to the vulgar alike from their all-pervading allusiveness and a style as of a George Meredith turned historian—this only need be said here, that it is perhaps the only magazine article that has ever served as a justification for appointment to a chair in a great university. When in 1894 the filling of Sir John Seeley's chair became the task of her Majesty's Government, it was not unnatural that, if Mr. Gladstone hinted at Lord Acton's willingness to accept the honor, Earl Rosebery should feel a certain gratitude towards one of the scanty band of home-rule peers. But those who cared for historical scholarship rather than for historical pedagogy recognized that a choice had been made which was not likely to do discredit to the reputation of Cambridge.

And now Lord Acton's inaugural address is before us. Considering what difficulties have arisen with the Church of Rome in many a university over the teaching of history, considering that a Roman Catholic was here stepping into the only professorship of modern history in a university still almost completely Protestant, there was abundant occasion for curiosity. The impression produced was, in many quarters, one of mystification and bewilderment. At first reading—and few will give more than a first reading—there seems no clear pronouncement on anything. Many of the paragraphs, and still more of the separate sentences, look as if they had no connection with what precede or follow; and the London *Times* confessed solemnly that to some passages it could assign no probable interpretation. Moreover, when a proposition does, apparently, stare us in the face, it is a mere commonplace—say other critics. But any one who had considered Lord Acton's career and his essay of 1886 might have anticipated that he would be careful—to use a convenient colloquialism—not "to give himself away"; that he would see both aspects of every question, and try to express them at the same time; and that the expressing of them in sentences packed with thought and unassisted by connecting particles would not make easy reading.

It is, however, after all, not so very hard, on a second reading, to catch the drift of the discourse. After distinguishing "modern" history from "contemporary," and claiming a broader field for history than mere politics, for "Politics and history are interwoven, but not commensurate" (p. 5), he argues that modern history is clearly distinguished from mediæval by that sudden "forward movement" which initiated modern progress towards liberty of thought and action. Modern history is intensely interesting because it "touches us so nearly" (p. 74), and affects our vital interests—first among them Religion (p. 21). "What ever a man's notions of these later centuries are, such, in the main, the man himself will be. Under the name of History, they cover the articles of his philosophic, his religious, and his political creed" (p. 73). Religion, furthermore, has played a great positive part in relation to "the significant and central feature of the historic cycle before us"—"the progress of the world towards self-government" (p. 27). For, "but for the strength afforded by the religious motive in the seventeenth century," that progress would have been arrested. Lord Acton fails not to give a passing word to those who refuse to see progress in increasing liberty; but his own opinion is clear enough. The constancy of progress is the tribute of modern history to the theory of Providence (p. 28); it is "the action of Christ who is risen" (p. 31). After showing how the modern Historical Movement arose "directly and indirectly, by development and reaction" (p. 36), from the storm of the French Revolution, he describes the characteristics of "the present order of things" in historical writing—the use of original sources, the application of criticism, and the dogma of impartiality; and this leads up to a criticism of the method of Ranke, "the representative of the age which instituted the modern study of history," and "taught it to be critical, to be colorless, and to be new" (p. 48). He ends with a powerful and even touching appeal to the men before him not to yield to the modern temptation to identify explanation with justification. "The weight of opinion is against me when I exhort you never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong" (p. 63).

These, then, are the "commonplaces" of Lord Acton's address: That liberty, on the whole, means progress; that in the past, as in the present, black is black and white white. Is it objected that the only significance in the first proposition lies in its coming from a Roman Catholic? Surely it is something that a man of sixty years, one who has seen "many men and cities," one who is bound by strong ties to the past, and who knows all that can be said of the seamy side of modern life, should thus confirm the faith that we indolently suppose ourselves to hold. And as to the second, no one who has immersed himself in historical literature will refuse to recognize the grave dangers which do in sober earnest beset our moral judgment.

Lord Acton is not, so far as we are aware, an original investigator; he is contented to read and ponder with all the shrewdness of a man of affairs and of the world, over the historical works of others; and he is as far as possible removed from the popular lecturer or entertaining essayist. But there is certainly need of men of his type; and if he does not exactly stimulate Cambridge undergraduates either to begin to read or to begin to make research, he will probably, to those who have already made some way with reading and research, be a wise counsellor and a helpful critic.

SHALER'S DOMESTICATED ANIMALS.

Domesticated Animals: Their Relation to Man and to his Advancement in Civilization. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895. Large 8vo, pp. xii, 267, many illustrations.

ALL who know how well Prof. Shaler can write on a wide range of topics, and especially those who were interested in his sketches of animals lately to be read in *Scribner's Magazine*, will be glad that these have been gathered in a convenient volume, with some additions—notably of two concluding chapters, on the Rights of Animals and the Problem of Domestication. These latter sum up the author's case in its ethical and ethnological aspects; they accentuate the general tenor of his humane discourse, which is sympathetic without a trace of mere sentimentalism, and written in a large way, with keen discernment of animal nature, and full sense of the responsibility assumed by man in bending or breaking the will of animals to his own. In these chapters particularly, but throughout the work, as the author says, "an effort is made to direct attention to the importance of the problem of man's relation to the lower life which is about him, and which in the future far more than in the past is to be helped or hindered by his rule. Our life is made up of large problems; but there seem few that are greater than this, which concerns our duty by the creatures which share with us the blessings of existence, and over which we have come to rule." Prof. Shaler is far from confining himself to mere zoölogical facts, or even to simply æsthetic or utilitarian consideration of the pleasure or profit man derives from this association; from his scientific and philo-

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sophic standpoint, it will "enlarge our conceptions of our own place in the order of this world."

The several essays are at high-water mark of popular natural history, as distinguished from what is popular because it is unnatural and non-historical. It is nothing like a "history of my pets" or a collection of staple "anecdotes." Every one of us perceives intuitively the close relation of animal instincts to our own, and draws those comparisons which, however flattering to our own intellectual supremacy, credit beasts, birds, and the rest of our "poor relations" with certain human traits. Under wise and kindly treatment, the kinship can be made to serve high moral purposes, besides affording endless entertainment and instruction; we come to understand ourselves better when we see ourselves in the side-lights which the brute creation affords. Thus fables of the right sort, which invest the lower animals with human traits, put them in human environment, and make them think, talk, and act as we should under the same circumstances, are legitimate fiction of the utmost interest and positive value—say La Fontaine's for instance, or those commonly ascribed to Æsop, or any of the legends of sound zoölogical folk-lore. It is probably not too much to say for Prof. Shaler, that he does in sober prose, on the basis of actual fact, and in strictly scientific method, what the wit and wisdom of some other philosophers have accomplished by appealing to the imagination to enlist our sympathies and improve our acquaintance with our fellow-creatures.

Perhaps the last word, "fellow-creatures," strikes the keynote of the book. The author's own sense of fellowship makes him kindly, reasonable, and impartial in estimating animal traits, and he is too good a naturalist not to show great discernment and penetration. We have seldom seen animals so fairly treated, and have never known them to be more reliably characterized, either in their own natural dispositions or in the artificial modifications which a few of them have undergone through domestication or other contact with the human species. As a consequence of bringing sound judgment and intimate knowledge to bear upon the case, our traditional snap-judgments are in many instances shown to be wrong, despite the core of truth they *may and generally do contain*. Shaler's decisions regarding relative sagacity, docility, or other evidences of mental development in animals, are marked by acute insight. The dog and the cat he leaves *in statu quo*, about as they are rated by consensus of opinion; but he puts many things in a clearer light than usual. For example, everybody knows the attachment of dogs for persons and of cats for places; but he traces this back to the fact that the wild canines are gregarious, and roam in packs to hunt their prey, while the felines lurk in solitary lairs. The horse goes down several pegs in his estimation of general intelligence, as compared with public opinion, and rightly so. The merit of the horse is more in his hoof than in his head; and in tracing the evolution of this animal organism from the Eocene the well-trained palæontologist is at his best. Other beasts of burden, and all those which come under the head of flocks and herds, go below the horse—pretty near to the foot of the class. But the mule finds, as everybody who understands a mule knows that it should find, not only the apologist for paternal ancestry, but the eulogist of the spindle side of the equine house. The mule is a shining light, better than either its sire or its dam; it has the virtues of both and the vices of neither, happily blended with personal peculiarities of its own. Almost the only "anecdote" in the book is the mule story, and that is simply irresistible—we wish we had space to tell it.

The pig comes off handsomely in Prof. Shaler's court of equity; he is much more than a pork-factory—he is a stalwart Democrat, with strong socialistic tendencies, some decided altruism, and a quickwittedness which removes the stock stories of "learned pigs" from the domain of fiction into the fold of sober fact. We expected to find the author fortifying his judgment in this case from the peccary, and he might have scored a point there; but perhaps his case is good enough as it stands. The camel is abused for the hateful beast he is, with a saving clause for the gastric arrangement which mainly determines his peculiarly limited usefulness. As for the "noblest Roman of them all," the elephant, *palmam qui meruit ferat;* for strength of mind and body that noble animal stands at the head of all those which man has made to subserve his own purposes. The case of the elephant is all the more remarkable in that, as the author points out, he has never been domesticated, in the usual sense of the term. The elephant is so long-lived, so slow in attaining maturity, and numerically so infecund, that almost all the individuals man has ever used have been caught wild. The whole training of the species has thus been a series of fresh experiments with wild brutes, which in one lifetime can be brought to display a degree of intelligence beyond that shown by any other animals after uncounted generations have been subjected to educational influences. The mental equipment of the elephant would, therefore, seem to be a natural gift; and it is one of a high order, to be properly called intellectual. This animal has positively a Promethean touch; he reflects and reasons; he adapts means to ends understandingly, devises rational expedients in emergencies, shows forethought, makes fine discriminations, has a sound memory, and on the whole is more of a man than any other brute. His average intellectuality is surpassed only by the exceptional attainments of the porcine prodigies; and here it is interesting to note that these two pachyderms of the Cuvierian classification have actually closer zoölogical affinities than those subsisting between some of the other domesticated animals.

Birds are not so fully treated as mammals, though the author has many pleasant things to say of poultry, and points out some interesting facts not generally appreciated at their true value; what he says of falconry is particularly to the point. In the nature of the case, we have no dominion to speak of over reptiles and fishes; both may be subdued, even tamed and to some little extent taught, but their living world remains apart from ours. Insects sustain a peculiar relation to man. Their numerical disproportion to all other forms of animal life is inestimably enormous; more than three-fourths of the technical species of animals are insects, and probably we know but a relatively small fraction of all that exist, while their individual numbers are practically inconceivable, like the distances of the fixed stars or the multitudes in the milky way. Yet these myriads, in their relations to man, are, almost without exception, either neutral, or annoying, or noxious. Practically, the bee and the silkworm are the only ones we have reduced to some sort of domestication; cochineal and cantharides are useful; but if we add to these four, which the author treats, a very few others, which make wax or are eaten by some people, we come about to the end of the direct utility of the insect world to man, and the question of purpose in such cases as those of flies, fleas, lice, mosquitoes, and the like ranges itself alongside the standard problem of the origin of evil in the universe.

We have left ourselves no room to do more than mention one important thing which runs through this notable book, and that is the plasticity of animal organization which domestication brings into such strong light. This, it will be remembered, was the corner-stone of the whole evolutionary edifice which Darwin reared when he first raised the question of the origin of species. Prof. Shaler handles it ably and goes a step further in showing how our association with animals reacts upon ourselves to modify human nature appreciably. This is interesting as an abstract scientific study; but it assumes also an ethical aspect when viewed in all its bearings, and becomes distinctly a moral question of grave import, under the author's handling in the chapter on the rights of animals. We have said enough to show that this book is one to which we may give not only an easily held attention, but also some very serious reflection; for it is written with a noble purpose.

The type is large and the lines are heavily leaded, yielding a very open page, suitable for eyes whose owners have passed from the merely observant to the reflective age; and the illustrations are numerous and effective.

The Riviera, Ancient and Modern. By Charles Lenthéric, Ingénieur-en-chef des Ponts et Chaussées. Translated by Charles West, M.D. With maps and plans. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895. Pp. x, 464.

THIS work, under the title of 'La Provence Maritime Ancienne et Moderne,' has been before the world for fifteen years, and the other two by the same author, 'Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon' and 'La Grèce et l'Orient en Provence,' for a still longer period. They are for the French Mediterranean coast something what Lenormant's 'La Grande Grèce' is for the coast of Southern Italy: they hold up to you enticing pictures of a new and beautiful world to be seen, and then furnish you with sorts of knowledge toward the proper enjoyment of it. M. Lenthéric is perhaps not an archæologist of the force of the lamented Lenormant, but he is enough of one to rectify the exuberances of some of his brethren, and to make sound use of monuments, inscriptions and documents. He tells more about Ligurians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, and Saracens than about the people who have succeeded them; the special office of the book is to connect the past with the present, and to make the two live together upon the same scene. Many later writers, says Dr. West, have helped themselves out of M. Lenthéric's pages, but while they may have bettered their own state they have in no way diminished his riches.

In the days of the Empire, the hills about Cannes and Nice were covered with Roman villas, as to-day they are with those of all the world; and from the time of the Roman conquest of Gaul, along the coast to Marseilles there were both naval stations and harbors of refuge. These especially are the points about which the author gathers everything that can be learned from documents, ancient ruins and inscriptions, noting also the changes that have accrued from alluvial deposits or otherwise.

From Marseilles to Toulon this coast is almost unknown to travellers, and but little ev

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to Frenchmen. For most of the way the railroad keeps at a distance from the sea, and the good harbors, of which there are several, are consequently neglected by commerce. The ship-building yards of the Messageries Maritimes suffice to make an important place of Ciotat, but that is all. And yet, under Roman rule, and earlier under Greeks and Phœnicians, these waters were animated by the sails not only of war galleys, but also of merchantmen, of the fishing craft, and of the coral divers. Along the land are traces of towns, camps, castles, where now perhaps is some decayed village. The ruins of Tauroentum, to which M. Lenthéric gives a chapter, are to-day in part half-buried in a waste of land, in part covered by the waters of the Gulf of Lèques. In the year 49 B. C. a battle took place here between the fleets of Cæsar and Pompey, wherein that of the latter was discomfited, and the fate of Southern Gaul (the "provincia," or Provence) decided. The archæologist now has to fight with the shifting dunes in order to lay bare temporarily the scant remains of that time. A few huts at a distance (the nearest village is more than a mile inland) are all that look upon what, for Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, was one of the best anchorages off this coast.

In the parts left one side by the railway, there is much that, independent of history or archæology, is worth knowing and seeing. Between Marseilles and Ciotat there is a stretch of limestone cliffs, indented by lonely gulfs running deep into the land—a region that, but for its sun and vegetation, might be Norwegian, but is utterly dissimilar to any Southern coast. Then among the wooded granite slopes of the Mountains of the Moors are nooks where the date-palm ripens its fruit as in Africa, though no enterprising physician has as yet tried to establish there a new *station d'hiver*. The flora of the Estérel, the vigorous bits of landscape here and there, an occasional tradition or the survival of pagan customs and beliefs in the Christian practice of to-day, all are noted; the book is, in short, an admirable companion for the visitor to these shores.

From Cannes to the Italian frontier, the *Côtes d'Azur*, the *Rives d'Or*, of the Parisian, the pleasure-ground of all the world, is a region so well known that it would seem that nothing remains to be told of it. In despite of pilferers, however, M. Lenthéric has still something of interest to tell us about the Lérins, or of Nice and Cimiez, or of La Turbie. The fourteenth division of the last chapter in the book may be recommended as an absolutely unique account of the way that Monaco gains its living. The satire is so light that one may almost doubt if it exists at all; in any case, the simple statement of facts is a sufficient irony. How could it be otherwise when you start from the Monegasque saying,

> "Son Monaco sopra un scoglio,
> Non semino e non raccoglio,
> E pur mangiar voglio"

—neatly translated by Dr. West: "I am Monaco on a rock by the shore; I neither sow nor reap, but all the same I mean to eat."

The present sightly octavo is an improvement on the dumpy duodecimo of the French edition, and secures the advantages of larger print and more convenient reference for the maps. In the original these are generally across the volume, and any one who has experience of the tightness of ordinary French bindings will at once perceive that it cannot be always easy to see the middle of the map. Then, too, Dr. West's index is an improvement on that of M. Lenthéric. As for the translation, it must be called, on the whole, a very good one. One may say that the translator wears his coat as if it were his own, and not borrowed; and one may add that he has here and there adapted it to himself. One or two examples will suffice to show how this has been done:

"In those days the two headlands, the Cape of Ceuta and that of Gibraltar, were joined together and then formed part of the same mountain chain, *and the sea was then a lake*" (p. 6).

The words in italics may be called a patch of new stuff added to the original garment.

"The absolute good taste of this crowding together of orange groves, of clumps of olives, and of palms may perhaps be a little questionable; but all the same it goes on year by year, *and one is scarcely inclined to criticise this assemblage of all that is bright and beautiful, the result of which is so charming*" (p. 345).

That is an audacious patch: this is how it was in the beginning:

". . . les bois d'orangers, les massifs de palmiers et d'aloès enchevêtrés dans un pêle-mêle confus et d'un goût peut-être douteux, mais dont l'accumulation désordonnée et l' exubérante richesse suivent depuis près d' un demi-siècle une progression rapide jusqu' ici non interrompue" (p. 403).

One might suspect the translator of having a garden of the sort here described, and not having the heart to repeat words that might seem in its dispraise. He might take courage from the number of those who keep him company: on the Riviera we all sin in the same way.

There is in the translation of the preface a case of adaptation still more amusing; but, as it is too long for quoting here, we leave any one who has sufficient curiosity to look it up for himself. The best of translations is never faultless, but this one is so good that it is decidedly not worth while to note the rare slips that diligent comparison has discovered. Two only call for remark: "C'est qu'en effet aucun pays au monde ne possède un climat comparable à celui de Cannes." This is translated: "*There can be no doubt but that* Cannes possesses a climate," etc. The not very elegant formula in italics is used over and over again to represent various French locutions. It ends by exasperating. It may be noted, in passing, as to the statement about the climate of Cannes, that M. Lenthéric may well have dared to make it fifteen years ago, when there were but five or six Riviera towns to contest it. But to day?

Dr. West's worst blunder is in the title he has chosen. The book concerns the coast of Provence; the last chapter in it alone treats of the Riviera, which is properly the Genoese coast from Monaco to Porto Venere (Spezzia). Foreigners nowadays talk of the Riviera loosely as including Nice and Cannes—which for them, and socially speaking, it may; but no one pretends to call the region from Cannes to Marseilles the Riviera. Dr. West's title may, from a commercial point of view, be held as more inviting, but a book of the value of this does not need pushing by claptrap devices.

In a Walled Garden. By Bessie Rayner Belloc. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

READERS of George Eliot's 'Life' will perhaps remember that she had a friend Bessie Parkes, afterwards Madame Belloc, who was loyal to her through all the changes of her domestic life, and they will thus identify the author of this volume of somewhat random sketches and studies. It takes its name from a garden which has freshened and faded for two centuries and more, close to the remains of an Elizabethan cottage, and hard by a church whose foundation stone was laid by St. Anselm. Such a place is naturally haunted, and, in a brief introductory chapter, Madame Belloc describes a ghostly procession that she saw walking there, making less than we should expect of a good opportunity. Nor does her next chapter, "Dorothea Casaubon and George Eliot," do much better, considering the writer's advantages. She met George Eliot first in 1850, and received the last letter that she ever wrote, but she does not tell us much about her. What she does is to connect 'Middlemarch' with Coventry in a pleasant way, find Dorothea's situation unreal in 1828, and touch the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Lewes in a manner that has not much illumination. Madame Belloc is a Roman Catholic "pervert," and says, "Surely only those who hold the sacramental view of marriage would have any right to condemn her"—a way of putting things rather common to the region of ecclesiastical amenities. "It would be unjust to judge her by a Christian law which she repudiated." But what confounds her is that Miss Evans worshipped Lewes, and she even prophesies disclosures which will prove him to have been unworthy of her trust and love.

"Joseph Priestley in Domestic Life" is quite the most interesting and important chapter in the book. It has seldom, if ever, been the fortune of Priestley to be treated in this genial manner. His personality for most people is as evasive as his own oxygen. When the Birmingham statue of Priestley was erected in 1874, the writer's mother, "who was born in Pennsylvania, was probably the only person living in England who could recall him." Some tie of blood between her and her subject is suggested by this and other passages, but the suggestion is not definitely confirmed. The estimate of Priestley is, for a Roman Catholic writer, very sympathetic. Evidently he joined a beautiful piety to his mechanical theology. Another good subject is "Mary Howitt," and still another, "The Montagus and Proctors," but the treatment of Mrs. Proctor, the wife of Barry Cornwall, is strangely disappointing in view of her reputation for the most brilliant and eccentric conversation. An unpublished letter of Lowell's, which was much more to the point, is recalled by this chapter. "A Chapter of War" gives us an inside view of Paris during the German siege and occupation. "Dr. Manning at Bayswater" affords a few glimpses of the Cardinal at different stages of his career subsequent to his secession from the Anglicans. The first impressions were not agreeable. "He spoke with the most measured, chilly calmness." But he comforted our author with the story that after his first Roman communion he said, "*Now* my career is ended." "But where I once worked on an acre," he added, "I now work on a square mile." Nothing is said about his most characteristic and successful work—his pushing for the declaration of infallibility. That his name "was literally unheard of in public for ten years after his secession," is certainly an exaggeration. The breadth and sympathy of Madame Belloc's dealings with religious opinions and sentiments different from her own are exceptionally beautiful. For Catherine Booth of the Salvation Army she has the warmest word of all.

Methods of Mind Training: Concentrated Attention and Memory. By Catherine Aiken. New York: Harpers. 1895.

A SOMEWHAT striking little book, this. The

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author proposes that of each school day twenty minutes at the outset should be sacrificed to attention-gymnastics—in other words, to inducing the most intensely vigorous effort, under stimulation of active rivalry. She trains her scholars at remembering columns of numbers, a blackboard-full of shapes nearly alike yet all different, etc., seen for three seconds. The whole thing must be recalled seven minutes later in all its details. She trains them to recite verbatim, after seven or ten minutes, a whole page of prose read to them a single time, having first trained them in a method for doing this. One example that she gives, from 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' is very loose and rambling prose, almost as bad as, "So she went into the garden to cut cabbages." Some are the most inane extracts from the Court Journal, and still more nauseating stuff about New York society, paragraphs about meetings in country towns, with a lot of names of supreme mediocrity, price lists, etc. Then mixed with these are superb pieces of prose and verse. She compares the proceeding to opening the day with dumb-bell exercise. Something like this has been practised before, but here are elementary methods fully set forth, and others will suggest themselves. If teachers will only put them into practice, not fearing to expose their own stupidity, but keeping before their minds the beneficent results to be attained, they will assuredly do something to "make the next age better for the last."

Let us add that Miss Aiken quotes an excellent passage from Ribot's little book on attention, and that she incidentally leads us to believe that, in the remainder of the school hours, she is guided by an intelligent use of the principles of scientific psychology upon which effective teaching must be founded.

Some Ancient English Homes and their Associations, Personal, Archæological, and Historical. By Elizabeth Hodges. Illustrated by S. J. Loxton. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

NINE essays make up this volume, of which the first is devoted to the two mansions of Wotton-under-Edge and Bradley Court; the first a large house which has been almost wholly destroyed, and the second a small country house half a mile distant from Wotton, and not of special importance. Another chapter deals with two houses—Kingsbury Hall, near Birmingham, and Hurley Hall, not far from Kingsbury, and connected with it in the family history. These two buildings are good examples of the very small English manor-house common in central England. In each case the house is described in a sketchy way, with but brief mention of details which seem interesting if one could know more of them. In each case, also, a single slight drawing explains the general character of the structure. The other chapters treat each of one manor-house or castle. The only illustration which gives anything interesting about the general design of the house is that of Little Sodbury at page 193, but there are several slight drawings of staircases, gateways, and the like which are attractive. In each case we get a rather informal account of family history and of family traditions, including ghost-stories, in preference to any architectural study. Being what it is, and being simply written, the book is as entertaining as one need wish, and one who reads it with care will have added a good deal to his sense of historical verity. The modern school of historians are inclined to reject archæology, but the historical student who makes excursions into archæology will certainly understand his history the better for it.

Science and Art Drawing: Complete Geometrical Course, consisting of Plane and Solid Geometry, Orthographic and Geometric Projection, Projection of Shadows, the Principles of Map Projection, Graphic Arithmetic, and Graphic Statics. By J. Humphrey Spanton. Macmillan. 1895.

THE idea of teaching geometry to draughtsmen while their pencils are in their hands is in itself an excellent one, and, were it only well carried out, would seduce them into real mathematical thinking before they knew it. Moreover, some of the subjects here treated bear such stamps of the great geometers who established their theories as it would require a mind of more ingenuity than Mr. Spanton's to obliterate. Descriptive geometry and graphical statics, let the teacher do his worst, cannot but inculcate some genuine mathematics. With map projection it is different. The whole subject has never been very well treated, except by Herz, whose work is probably unknown to Mr. Spanton; and to call the few items here given "Principles" is ridiculous. The chapters on Elementary Metrical Geometry could not well be worse than they are. Thus, for the construction of a regular heptagon, three different methods are given. For one of these, the information is vouchsafed that it is not mathematically exact. That the problem itself is insoluble by rule and compass, the author, though a gold-medallist, does not seem to suspect. The Pythagorean proposition, to say nothing of such theorems as the 35th of the 3d Book of Euclid, will be sought in vain. The problems that are solved rightly are often solved clumsily. Let us say to the young draughtsman, If you want to be a master of your art, take the trouble to study geometry. You will be terribly handicapped in problems upon which bread and butter depend if you content yourself with any such smattering as this book affords.

The Soil: Its Nature, Relations, and Fundamental Principles of Management. By F. H. King, Professor of Agricultural Physics in the University of Wisconsin. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

WITHIN the compass of about three hundred pages, Prof. King has brought together a vast amount of important and interesting information regarding the origin and behavior of soils. With a right sense of perspective, he has dealt fairly with the older as well as with the very latest results of research, and has arranged all his facts in a convenient manner. The marvellous relations which soils sustain to water and the atmosphere, to the lowest and the highest forms of vegetable life, and, indirectly, to all animal life, are dealt with in an attractive way.

A few of the engravings cannot be truthfully called illustrations, for they themselves require to be explained. For instance, in the figure designed to show "the work of the common earthworm during a single night after a heavy rain," there is a picture of a good hunting-case watch lying on the disturbed surface of the ground. In close proximity to the watch the soil is rather less disturbed than at a little distance, perhaps to be interpreted that the earthworms were more or less frightened by the ticking of the watch; but it is unlikely that a watch would be left out over night in a heavy rain. It is probably inserted to show the size of the earthworm casts. Other cuts which leave much to be desired are those which attempt to show the distribution of roots. It is possible that some of the obscurity of the cuts comes from the reduction in size by a photographic process. Aside from these engravings and two bits of good poetry which are rather out of place, the book can be heartily praised. Examination of it will ensure a comprehensive view of the present condition of its many-sided subject.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

As You Like It. Hamlet. Julius Cæsar. Macbeth. Richard II. Twelfth Night. [The Arden Shakspere]. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Each 40c.
Bacon, Rev. L. W. Irenics and Polemics, with Sundry Essays in Church History. Christian Literature Co.
Barlow, Jane. Strangers at Lisconnel: A Second Series of Irish Idylls. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Bender's Lawyer's Diary and Directory for the State of New York. 1896. Albany: Matthew Bender.
Benedix, J. R. Die Hochzeitsreise. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Bruce, Wallace. Clover and Heather. Edinburgh: Blackwood; New York: Bryant Union.
Cheyney, Prof. E. P. Social Changes in England in the Sixteenth Century. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Corson, Prof. Hiram. The Aims of Literary Study. Macmillan. 25c.
Dana, Prof. E. S. Minerals and How to Study Them. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.
Deazeley, J. H. The Odes (Books III. and IV.), Epodes, and Carmen Sæculare of Horace. Translated into English Verse. London: Henry Frowde; New York: Macmillan.
Defoe, Daniel. Due Preparations for the Plague. The King of Pirates. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. Each $1.
Emerson, R. W. Les Sur-Humains. Traduit de l'Anglais. 2d ed. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Fishback, W. P. Recollections of Lord Coleridge. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.
Friedländer, Max. Opern-Statistik der Deutschen Bühnen. 1894. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.
Graetz, Prof. H. History of the Jews. Vol. V. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Grandgent, C. H. Selections for French Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50c.
Grosvenor, E. A. Constantinople. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros. $10.
Hazell's Annual for 1896. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney.
Headley, F. W. The Structure and Life of Birds. Macmillan. $2.
Hole, Rev. S. R. A Little Tour in America. Edward Arnold.
Ibsen, Henrik. Prose Dramas. 2 vols. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.
Isham, N. M. Early Rhode Island Houses: An Historical and Architectural Study. Providence: Preston & Rounds.
Jones, Prof. Henry. Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Co; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Kingsley, Charles. Yeast: A Problem. Macmillan. 75c.
Little One's Annual. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.75.
Locke, W. J. The Demagogue and Lady Phayre. Edward Arnold. $1.
Longfellow, W. P. P. A Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece and the Levant. Scribners.
Lowell, Percival. Mars. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Lupton, J. H. The Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Macleod, Fiona. The Sin-Eater, and Other Tales. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
Marden, O. S. Architects of Fate. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Masters, Caroline. The Shuttle of Fate. F. Warne & Co. $1.25.
Maude, Capt. F. N. Military Letters and Essays. No. I. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.
McCormick, A. D. An Artist in the Himalayas. Illustrated. Macmillan. $3.50.
Moch, Gaston. Autour de la Conférence Interparlementaire. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Morfill, W. R. The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Translated from the Slavonic. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Murray, J. A. H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Development-Diffluency (Vol. III.). Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 60c.
Old South Leaflets. 2 vols. Boston: Directors of the Old South Work.
Payne, W. M. Little Leaders. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.50.
Picot, Georges. La Lutte contre le Socialisme Révolutionnaire. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Reinhardt, C. W. Lettering for Draftsmen, Engineers, and Students. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Sears, Hamblen. Governments of the World To-Day. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. $1.75.
Tennyson, Lord. A Dream of Fair Women, and Other Poems. Locksley Hall, and Other Poems. 2 vols. Macmillan. Each 45c.
Teters, Wilbertine. The Snows of Yester-Year. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. $1.25.
The Budh-Gaya Temple Case. Calcutta: W. Newman & Co.
The Green Bag. Vol. VII. 1895. Boston: Boston Book Co.
The King of Alberia: A Romance of the Balkans. G.W. Dillingham.
The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Maundeville, Kt. Illustrated. London: A. Constable & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
The Spectator in London: Essays by Addison and Steele. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.
The Universalist Register. 1896. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 20c.
Watson, William. The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems. London: John Lane; Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
Winter, William. Brown Heath and Blue Bells: Being Sketches of Scotland. Macmillan. 75c.

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